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[J. HOLMES, TUCKER'S COURT.]

REVIEWS

A Journey throughout Ireland, during the Spring, Summer, and Autumn of 1834.
By Henry D. Inglis. 2 vols. London: Whittaker & Co.

THE most striking, and the most valuable characteristic of this work is its strict honesty; we have often had to lament the difficulty of obtaining accurate information respecting the state of Ireland, most writers on the subject having yielded to the prejudices of party, if not to the extent of uttering falsehood, at least to the scarcely less culpable suppression of the truth. We rejoice, then, to have before us the evidence of a traveller like Mr. Inglis, whose work bears in every page the stamp and impress of veracity. We shall pass over, for the present, all that is merely descriptive of scenery in these volumes, though thus we must deprive our readers of some admirable delineations which evince great graphic power, and confine ourselves to an examination of the state and condition of the Irish peasantry, and of the causes that have rendered and still keep so large a portion of British subjects miserable themselves, and the authors of misery to others. We say *causes*, for it is worse than idle to lay the charge of Ireland's accumulated evils on any isolated part of the system of society in that unhappy country; the entire is unsound; there is much to be censured, much to be condemned in every thing and every person;—there is also something to be praised. We have more than once stated that the worst evils of Ireland are those beyond the reach of any direct legislative remedy: acts of parliament cannot render landlords humane, tradesmen provident, and factions peaceable; the great reform of Ireland must be the work of the Irish themselves; and until they become sensible of this truth, until they banish the delusion that parliament possesses the attributes of omnipotence, and that a change in the form of government will be a panacea for all diseases in the social constitution, they will remain ignorant of the nature of the ills they suffer, and incapable of devising a remedy. Valuable as this work is to Englishmen, because it contains a faithful description of a country with whose prosperity that of England is identified, it will, if read aright, be infinitely more valuable to Irishmen, for it shows them in true colours to themselves. Would to Heaven that they could be persuaded of the accuracy of the portraiture, even though forced to exclaim with Phaeton,

We feel these charges galling to our pride,
And worse, we feel they cannot be denied.

The state of the poor, even in Dublin, may be estimated by the following account of what Mr. Inglis saw at a cattle-show:—

"I was very favourably situated for observing among the crowd collected, some of those little traits which throw light upon character and condition. I remarked in particular, the great

eagerness of every one to get a little employment, and earn a penny or two. I observed another less equivocal proof of low condition. After the cattle had been fed, the half-eaten turnips became the perquisite of the crowd of ragged boys and girls without. Many and fierce were the scrambles for these precious relics; and a half-gnawed turnip, when once secured, was guarded with the most vigilant jealousy, and was lent for a mouthful to another longing tatterdemalion, as much apparently as an act of extraordinary favour, as if the root had been a pine-apple. Yet these mouthfuls were freely given; and I have seen, that where two boys contended who should take charge of a gentleman's horse, the boy who obtained the preference and got the penny or twopence, divided it with his rival. These were pleasing traits; and were indicative of that generosity of character which displays itself in so many kindly shapes; but which is perhaps also in some degree the parent of that improvidence, to which the evils of absenteeism are partly to be ascribed."

We must also extract the account of the Mendicity Institution:—

"When I visited the Dublin Mendicity Society, there were 2145 persons on the charity, of whom 200 were Protestants. The finances were then at a very low ebb; and the directors of the institution were threatening a procession of the mendicants through the streets, by way of warming the charity of the spectators. This, I understand, has once or twice been resorted to; and I confess, I cannot conceive anything more disgraceful to a civilised community. The English reader, who has never visited Ireland, can have no conception of a spectacle such as this. What a contrast to the gaiety of Grafton-street, would be the filth, and rags, and absolute nakedness, which I saw concentrated in the court of the institution! The support of this charity is a heavy tax upon the benevolent feelings of the Protestant population: 50*l.* is subscribed by the Protestant, for 1*l.* that is subscribed by the Catholic population. I was sorry to learn this; for although it be true that wealth lies chiefly amongst the Protestants, yet it is the middle classes, rather than the wealthy, who support this institution; and 50*l.* for 1*l.* is surely out of proportion."

It was once our fate to witness one of these processions of the mendicants, and never shall we forget the exhibition. Helpless infancy tottered near still more helpless age, the victim of disease was by the side of an iron frame broken down by hunger, and looked the less pitiable object; on one brow was despair, on another the scowl of suppressed vengeance; curses, not loud, but deep, were the only sounds in the procession; and when alms were asked, it was in a tone of mockery that sounded like "Moody madness laughing wild amid severest woe." But we will quit the city for the country. At the very first step Mr. Inglis found one of the worst evils that afflicts the south and west of Ireland:—

"High rent was the universal complaint; and the complaint was fully borne out, by the wretched manner in which I found the people—Catholic and Protestant—living. And if the question be put to them, why they take land at a rent which they know it will not bear,—the reply is

always the same: how were they to live? what could they do? From which answer we at once arrive at the truth,—that competition for land in Ireland, is but the outbiddings of desperate circumstances."

One would suppose that the landlords of Ireland, if for no other purpose than to keep up their rents, would encourage the establishment of manufactories, but Irish landlords have a logic peculiarly their own. David Malcomson, a truly benevolent and enterprising gentleman of Clonmel, established a cotton manufactory near the village of Mayfield, which is conducted with great skill, and greater liberality. A father could scarcely be more solicitous for the welfare of his children than this worthy member of the Society of Friends for the comfort of every one in his employment. His factory has proved a national blessing.

"The most marked improvement has taken place in the neighbourhood, since the establishment of this manufactory: not in lodging only, but in food also, a great change has taken place; and although high wages, which leave a surplus, are some incentive to intoxication, it is a fact, that not an hour's labour is ever lost in the factory, owing to the dissipated habits of those employed in it."

Now let us see how he has been rewarded by those whose tenantry he has benefited:—

"I regretted deeply to learn, not from the proprietor of the mill only, but from other sources, that Lord Waterford's family have thrown every obstacle in the way of this establishment; and that, only the other day, an attempt had been made to take advantage of some manorial rights, and to demolish the mill dams. Pity it is, that the aristocracy should, even by open acts, separate themselves from the interests of the people around them. The enterprising Quaker who has established this factory, has done more for the neighbourhood, than Lord Waterford and all the Beresfords have ever done; and his lordship's pride ought to be, less in his magnificent domain, and fine stud, than in the comfortable condition of the surrounding peasantry, and in the establishment which has produced it."

And yet people speak of the ingratitude that deprived the Beresfords of the representation of the county of Waterford;—by the way, we are glad to find that good effects have resulted from that lesson:—

"The defeat of the Waterford family in the election for the county, was felt by them as a severe blow; but it has had its uses: more attention is now paid to the interests and comforts of the tenantry; and it is universally admitted, that the property has recently been, and is at present, under excellent management."

We must now see another specimen of the benevolence and wisdom of Irish landlords:—

"I had heard, even in England, of the wretched condition of a town in the county of Kilkenny, called Callen; and finding that this town was but eight miles from Kilkenny, I devoted a day to Callen. I never travelled through a more pleasing and smiling country, than that which lies between Kilkenny and Callen; and I never entered a town reflecting so much disgrace

upon the owner of it, as this. In so execrable a condition are the streets of this town, that the mail coach, in passing through it, is allowed twelve minutes extra; an indulgence which can surprise no one who drives, or rather attempts to drive through the street; for no one who has the use of his limbs, would consent to be driven. And yet, will it be credited, that a toll is levied on the entrance into the town, of every article of consumption; and that not one shilling of the money so received, is laid out for the benefit of the town. The potatoes, coal, butter-milk, with which the poor wretches who inhabit this place supply their necessities, are subject to a toll, which used to produce 250*l.* per annum. * * *

It was with some difficulty that I obtained a sight of the table of tolls; but I insisted on my right to see it; and satisfied myself, that potatoes and butter-milk, the food of the poor, pay a toll to Lord Clifden, who, out of the revenue of about 20,000*l.* per annum, which he draws from this neighbourhood, lays out not one farthing for the benefit of his people. * * * Let any one who desires to see a specimen of an absentee town, visit Callen. And Lord Clifden is the more reprehensible, since he occasionally visits the country, and is not ignorant of its condition. It is true, that his lordship drives as rapidly through his town as the state of the street will admit; but it happened fortunately, that upon one occasion, the carriage broke down; and this patriotic and tender-hearted nobleman was forced to hear the execrations of the crowd of naked and starving wretches who thronged around him.

"Nor is the country around Callen fortunate in its other landlords. The land of Lord Dysart, another large proprietor, is frightfully rack-rented. Land, at a distance from any market, is let at 4*l.* and 4*l.* 10*s.* per acre; and I know of five acres let at a rent, the whole produce of which would barely pay the rent of one acre. The Marquis of Ormonde is another proprietor; but his land is not so much over-set; and the general opinion appears to be, that he is anxious to do right."

That outrages should occur under such a system as this, is far from surprising; the only wonder is, that they are not of more frequent occurrence. Mr. Inglis gives us the following candid account of Irish crimes; we have only to add, that competition for land has produced a thousand-fold more acts of violence than tithe, and we shall soon discover the reason why tithe has been made to bear all the blame:—

"Almost every outrage and murder that has disgraced Ireland, has arisen out of one of two causes—either competition for land, or tithes; and, until means be found for reducing the former, and till the latter be finally and justly settled, it will be in the power of any restless, wrongheaded, or interested man to agitate Ireland. Competition for land can only be diminished by employing the people; but I greatly fear, that no scrutiny, however strict and impartial, into the revenues of the Protestant church, and that even no application of the surplus, will be satisfactory to the land occupiers of Ireland. Here, as every where else, in the south, I heard the strongest objections to tithe in any shape; and a curious instance came to my knowledge, of the determination of farmers to get rid of tithe. A farmer agreed to pay 20*s.* an acre for a certain quantity of land; the landlord being bound to pay tithes and all other dues. On rent day the tenant arrives, and, before paying his rent, asks what tithe the landlord pays? 'Why do you wish to know that,' says the landlord, 'what is it to you what tithe I pay? you pay me 30*s.*, and I take tithe and every burden off your hand.' 'I know that,' says the farmer; 'but I'll not only not pay tithe myself, but your honour sha'n't pay it either.' The tenant offered the landlord his

rent, deducting whatever tithe he, the landlord, paid; and the rent is, at this moment, unpaid."

In the list of bad landlords we find one name that we could scarcely have expected:

"If you ask an innkeeper, or an innkeeper's wife, anywhere in O'Connell's district, what sort of a man their landlord is? 'Och, and sure he's the best o' landlords!—he takes the childer by the hand, and he wouldn't be over proud to dhrink tay with the landlady.' But if you step into a cabin, the holder of which owns Daniel O'Connell, Esq., as his landlord, and if you ask the same question, he'll scratch his head, and say little any way. Shortly before I visited Cahir-siveer, there was a road-presentation in that neighbourhood, and the rate-payers, who have now a vote in these matters, refused at first to pass it, unless the O'Connells would pay two-thirds of the expense; because, said they, 'the O'Connells have lived long enough out of road presentations!'"

But we must not confine ourselves solely to the Black List; there are good landlords in Ireland: we shall quote the account of one whose example is worthy of imitation:—

"Many absentee properties are quite as well managed as if the proprietors were resident: and as one example of this, I may name the large estates of Mr. Stanley, in this neighbourhood (Tipperary). I found only one opinion as to the excellent management of these estates:—rents are moderate, and the tenantry well treated; and from my own observation, I can speak to the generally comfortable condition of things upon this property. A reading society, of which I believe the agent upon the property is librarian, has been instituted for the benefit of Mr. Stanley's tenantry; and the project, I understood to be perfectly successful."

Merited praise is also bestowed on the Duke of Devonshire and the Marquis of Lansdowne. As the latter nobleman has been frequently maligned as a harsh landlord, it is a simple act of justice to extract Mr. Inglis's account of his property:—

"Formerly, the greater part of this property was held in large farms, by lessees, who sub-let these lands in small portions, and therefore became middle-men. As these leases have dropped, by death, or otherwise, the estates, so held, have been divided into farms of equal size, and let to tenants holding immediately under Lord Lansdowne, who has erected, upon each farm, a comfortable dwelling-house, the whole expense of which, excepting labour, has been defrayed by his lordship.

"Riding through this part of Kerry, one is immediately struck by the absence of mud cabins, and, by the presence of these new farm-like houses, everywhere dotting the slopes. Such things being rarities, I did not content myself with a distant view; but visited ten or twelve of these houses, and they seemed to me well suited to the wants of the individuals by whom they were occupied. There was nothing of pretension about them. I found them to be built of lime-mortar, rough-cast, with chimneys, and with two apartments inside; and generally containing a sufficiency of furniture, and a fair portion of comfort,—speaking always, let it be recollected, with reference to the character and habits of the people. And, what is most important of all, I did not find that the tenants were paying exorbitant rents. One tenant, occupying a little farm of nine acres, with one of these houses, paid 2*l.* 13*s.* for his possession; that is, about six shillings an acre."

Mr. Inglis does not give a very favourable account of the Catholic priesthood; his description of the mode in which voluntary contributions are gathered, reminds us of the answer given to a gentleman, who, seeing

some persons pass by, heavily fettered, and escorted by dragoons, asked "who they were." He was told "They are volunteers to the Tipperary Militia."

"I am sorry to be obliged, in this place (Cahir), to record a fact, to which I could not have given credit on any evidence, less conclusive than that of my own eyes. The Roman Catholic chapel is newly erected, and is yet unfinished; and I was told, that the anxiety to obtain funds for its completion, gave rise to the enactment of some curious scenes at the door. I went there, about ten o'clock; and I certainly did witness a scene of a most singular kind. The gates were shut, and four men stood by. One had a silver salver, to receive the larger contributions: two were provided with wooden ladles, for the copper offerings; and these they shook in the ears of every one who approached: and one man, the priest, stood, just within the gate, armed with a shillelah. No one was admitted who did not contribute! I saw a man attempt to pass without contributing; and I saw the priest push and buffet the man, and, at length, strike him several times with his stick, and knock his hat off his head! This is no matter of hearsay. I saw it; and I saw from thirty to forty persons kneeling outside of the gate, on the high road,—poor persons, who had not a halfpenny to spare. To be more and more sure, that this was the cause of their remaining without, I gave some halfpence amongst them, and saw them admitted."

Such scenes unfortunately are of frequent occurrence; they may be taken for a tolerably correct description of every voluntary tribute raised in Ireland within the century. The following fact deserves also to be noticed:—

"It is a curious fact, and a fact that consists with my knowledge, that Catholic emigrants send their remittances to the care, not of the Catholic priest, but of the Protestant clergyman, to be distributed by him among those pointed out. The same respect for, and reliance on, the Protestant clergyman, is evinced in other ways. It is not at all unusual, for Catholics possessed of a little money, to leave the Protestant clergyman their executor, in preference to their own priest, or to any other individual."

But Mr. Inglis is as prompt to record the delinquencies of the church of England as of the church of Rome:—

"I found in one part of this county (Longford), great want of accommodation for the Protestant congregation. I allude to the parish 'of the Union of Kilglass.' There is monstrous abuse here. The bishop is rector, and draws from four to five hundred pounds per annum; and yet there is no church or Protestant service in the parish. His lordship, on being respectfully written to on the subject, replied, that 'there was service in the next parish!'"

The worst evil of Ireland, and that which no legislation can remedy, is the total disunion, in many cases amounting to actual hatred, between landlord and tenant. The feeling evinced in the following anecdote is unfortunately general:—

"The resident landlords of the county of Longford, are, with few exceptions, an unimproving race; and I regretted to find, that betwixt them and the lower orders, there was not the best understanding. A wealthy and unembarrassed baronet, on being asked, why he did not embellish his domain, which stood greatly in need it, and thus give some employment to the people, said, 'he made it a rule to circumscribe, within the least possible limits, his intercourse with the lower orders.' It is not every landlord who might choose so to express himself; but I fear there are too many who so act. I have generally found the land-owners extremely ignorant of the real condition of the poor: and

how, indeed, are they to gain their knowledge, unless they specially seek it? They do not themselves hire labourers; they do not call on the small farmer for rent; they do not themselves eject or drive for rent;—and it is not to the hall, but to the farm-house, that the mendicant, and the mendicant's wife, and the orphan child, and the unemployed labourer, carry their sack, and their petition. The landlord has his gate-house, beyond which the vigilant porter permits no unwelcome visitor to pass."

We must conclude for the present with the description of a grievance, for the continued existence of which the rulers of the country are in a great degree responsible:—

"Trading magistrates are not yet extinct in the county Longford: value is still occasionally received for magisterial protection, in the shape of labour,—such as, a winter-cutting of turf being brought to a man's door. Neither is there much co-operation among the magistracy. They take pleasure in thwarting each other; and it is not unusual for persons imprisoned by the warrant of one magistrate, to be forthwith liberated by the warrant of another. This, I think, ought not to be possible. Crime can never be effectually repressed, where such a state of things exists; and every week's new experience in Ireland, more and more convinced me, that the establishment of a general stipendiary magistracy, would be one great step towards the civilization and pacification of the country."

We have passed over many passages worthy of remark, though our quotations have been confined to the first volume; but next week we trust to resume our examination of this excellent work.

The Betrothed. From the Italian of Alessandro Manzoni. London: Bentley.

The literature and science of modern Europe stand deeply indebted to the accident of the great conquering horde of the north having, on its triumph over the Roman empire, been split into many separate and independent states. The Romans, when their borrowings from the Greek are deducted, exhibited, in their best days, few tokens of a diversified genius, or an inventive faculty; and when, in the fulness of their conquests, they had given the impress of their own mind to the subdued nations of the then civilized world, they only enthralled its energies by the uniformity of mediocrity which they induced. For several centuries before the ultimate destruction of their empire the human intellect was stationary, and even retrograde. These were the true *bassi tempi*, in which nothing was created, in which language was corrupted, and thought unproductive. But when the Roman sway was utterly overthrown, and the independent nations of England, France, Italy, and Germany started into existence, the work of regeneration, conducted simultaneously by each, proceeded from many different centres; and mind, left to its own resources, was emancipated from authority. The earlier steps of the process, it is true, may have been rendered slower and less certain by that cause; but the ultimate results have been richer and more exuberant.

Down to the French Revolution, the nations of Europe may be considered as having abstained from all literary co-operation, and as having wandered in search of the beautiful and the true, in neglect, if not in ignorance, of each other's proceedings; for if the literature of France obtained a certain partial

pre-eminence in some foreign courts, imitation was rather exerted in adopting its systems in their integrity, than in grafting them upon the several national stocks; and their influence therefore rarely extended to the people. Notwithstanding then the tendency to uniformity, produced by a common religious faith, and a common veneration for classical monuments, each different centre of knowledge gave birth to its own models of taste and beauty; and the literature of every nation was peculiar and distinct. England, more especially, attained to a greater vigour and originality of thought and style, through the limitation of its intercourse with the continent; and Germany, from the same cause, has derived the same effect.

Within the last half century, however, the march of events has given civilization an opposite direction. Commerce and war, the steam-engine and the Macadamized road, have brought nations into closer and more frequent contact; and leave has been given to *litterati*, in common with all other classes, to import improvements, to imitate foreign models, and to adopt the peculiarities of style and matter which are popular in other countries. It is thus that Shakspeare and Goethe have made their way to Paris; that German metaphysics have become popular in France; that Romanticism has found its proselytes in London; and that Byron and Walter Scott are known and imitated wherever there is leisure to read and intellects to write.

From the last author, in particular, the continent has borrowed much, and largely; and from his pages Italy derived a new and sudden inspiration in the department of fictitious narrative. The early Italians, (whose short and pithy *novelle* are little more than brief anecdotes,) with all the warmth of their poetic imagination, have produced scarcely one prose work of imagination; and the greatest story-tellers out of the East have dealt the least in tales of passion, character, or romantic and adventurous interest. Yet the history of the small Italian states, their wars and civil dissensions, have all the passionate violence of personal disputes; they teem with materials for the novelist, and seem to invite him to embody their striking situations, and to delineate their bold and deeply-shaded Protagonists. Nothing of this sort, however, exists in the original literature of the country; and with the exception of a few obscure and almost abortive imitations of the Minerva-Press school, '*Giuseppe Ortis*' is, we believe, the first readable novel in the Italian language.

For this peculiarity many concurring causes may be cited. One, perhaps, of the most leading will be acknowledged in the singular disposition of the people, who, all-ardent and excitable as they are, yet want that reflective temperament which delights in abstractions. Children of impulse and of sense, they are too eager to enjoy, to waste their time on the refinements and metaphysics of love.

Again, the Italians live much in the open air; and they are further prevented by the reigning despotisms from a frank reciprocation of thought and expansion of feeling, which develop the domesticity of the northerners. Italian character therefore shows few of those shades of difference which imaginative writers delight to paint. Of this verity, the comedies of Goldoni and of Nota are striking illustra-

tions—the characters being all conventional, and the personages mutually interchangeable through the several pieces.

At length, however, the success and reputation of the English historic novel crossed the Alps; and the example of Sir Walter Scott roused the ambition of Manzoni to compete with him on his own field, and to add a new leaf to the garland of the Italian muses. '*I Promessi Sposi*,' the original of the translated volume now before us, was the first fruit of this impulse; and the applause which it has gained, both from natives and foreigners, has at once domiciliated the class to which it belongs as a favourite branch of Italian literature.

The great object of this novel, like those of the school from which it is derived, is to paint a particular epoch of society, and to preserve the traits of a combination fast passing into oblivion before the refinement of the nineteenth century and the growing spirit of equality of revolutionized Europe. The moment selected is that in which feudalism had received its great check, and in which the overbearing and self-willed barons were compelled to confine the exercise of their despotism to the villagers huddled round their crenelled towers; or if they venture to indulge their insolence in the great cities, obtained only a cramped and limited licence from the supreme authority. It is curious, however, to observe, that these *Prepotenti*, these lawless and insolent contemners of humanity, who made their will avouch their most tyrannical caprices, still lingered in the society of the smaller Italian towns to a very recent date. Da Ponte, the once well-known *Poeta del teatro* of the London Opera House, whose Memoirs are full of amusing anecdotes, and deserve to be better known than they are, describes a rencontre he had with a specimen of the genus in Padua, from whose vengeance he had some difficulty in escaping.

'*The Betrothed*,' written by an Italian, and for Italians, is yet a novel possessing powerful resources for interesting the English reader. It is a novel of romance and adventure; and it depicts with vigour a state of society wholly new to the generality of English readers. To the Englishman it is further interesting, as the first reflection of a light kindled at the flames of English genius. Worked up, too, in the story, there is an elaborate and appalling description of the great plague at Milan, which alone would make the fortune of a modern novel, and would stand a comparison with Boccaccio's Florentine Pestilence, or Defoe's Plague of London. We mention these things for the sake of those among our readers, to whom the stores of Italian literature are not accessible, and for whose especial use this translation has been made. To those conversant with the language in which the original is written, '*I Promessi Sposi*' and its author, Manzoni, are familiar as household words. It will not be expected that we should enter upon the details of a story so long before the public; and, truth to tell, we want the courage to wade through a translation, which, in its style and execution, is not the most inviting. To those whose ears have not been opened to the music of the *dolce favella Italiana*, but who love a stirring romance, and are curious concerning humanity in all its phases, '*The Betrothed*'

will doubtless prove an acceptable present; and Mr. Bentley has, we think, done the public good service in adding it to his STANDARD NOVELS.

The Comic Almanack, for 1835. With Twelve Illustrations of the Months, by George Cruikshank. London: Tilt.

THIS shall be our Almanack! From its first page, (counting the cover as such) with the Zodiacal signs—wherein "Pisces" are represented by two toppers drinking a match—and "Taurus" is set forth in the form of a keen, well-wigged politician, devouring the "John Bull"—to its last, with the representation of the seasons, in which a shy sportsman personates Autumn, and Summer sits under a tree, hot and helpless, in the incarnation of a Mrs. Daniel Lambert—this merry little book teems with drollery; and we infinitely prefer the prognostications of the sapient Rigmum Funnidos, to the more thrilling prophecies of Francis Moore, Physician.

In addition to all proper and required information, we are here presented with twelve capital illustrations of the months by G. Cruikshank, and some of the best calculated predictions of the weather we have ever seen, as, for instance, that for December:—

"Take note, frost and snow may be expected this month, but be not sure of their coming, then shall you not be disappointed, and if it be fine summer weather, then I say again, bethink you of the comet."

Besides these, there are other facetiæ, both in prose and verse—but the pencil beats the pen hollow—and the February scene, with its cataracts in the kennels, which we see the old lady in the pattens can never cross, and its postman groaning under the load of twopenny love, in the shape of valentines, is worthy of Hogarth. In March, wind is the merry devil who plays the tricks, and the ladies discomposured by his roistering impertinence, and the bald man—who innocently assaults a chance passenger full in the face with his umbrella—are only exceeded by the dripping belles in April—wherein rain is the master-spirit. May is illustrated by the gambols of Jack in the Green. But, as our readers may like to see a specimen of the letter-press, we will take them to Strand-on-the-Green, and give them a specimen or two of Mr. Gible's experiences, whose diary supersedes the customary Gardener's Calendar:—

"March 21, 1834.—Mrs. G. bent on a rural retirement, and declaring this a dog-cheap bargain.

"27th.—All safe arrived—only one pier-glass split into four, and best tea-set, bought as 32 pieces, converted into 32 dozen. However, Mrs. G. observes, that being by the river side, we must have a marine grotto, and the pieces of looking-glass, mixed with the bits of blue and gold china, will make a fine glitter among the moss and shells.

"April 1.—Rain falling, river rising, cellars filling.

"2nd.—Ducks swimming into the parlour—moved to the first floor for safety—Musical Tom (my youngest) splashing about barelegged in the kitchen, and shouting 'four feet water in the hold.'—A leak sprung in the next onion field—all my land under water. Dick, perched on a window sill, angling for roach in the garden.

"9th.—Buried an old hen at the foot of a

plum-tree, by the light of the full moon—am told it will then bear egg-plums.

"19th.—Potatoe eyes always an eye-sore, so have planted a bed with every eye nicely cut away, by which I hope to grow a crop as smooth as my hand and as blind as moles.—Look for the Horticultural Society's gold medal for this bright idea.

"May 13th.—Finished my new hot water pipes for the conservatory, all heated by the kitchen fire—a scheme of my own.—Cook had a regular flare-up with so much company yesterday, so the water was boiling hot all day—by night the plants looked like scalded gooseberries. This morning, all my pipes united in a *joint-run* on the cistern, which answered their draughts to the last, and the spare water from the greenhouse floor was soaking into the breakfast parlour. The inventor just arrived—says it's all quite regular—the cracked joints will close of themselves in time—I wonder when.

"June 12th.—Suppose I want exercise.—Wife blows me up, and says I get puffy; so, to keep all smooth with her and the garden walks, drag the great roller about for two hours, morning and night.

"23rd.—Fill up odd time in watching fruit trees with a rattle, for the birds perch on the sham cats and build nests in the mawkins. What with opening and shutting the cucumber-frames, according to the sun, wind, and clouds, plenty to do.—Charged the garden-engine with lime-water—set Dick and Tom to play upon the caterpillars. They have so whitewashed the three Miss Blackets, that I have two velvet bonnets, a silk pelisse, and a cashmere shawl to pay for.

"July 18th.—The Cherub Gible potatoes not coming up to time, tried the ground and found them rotting.

"24th.—Half my time taken up in driving the butterflies off the gooseberry trees. Left my weeding-gloves stuck on a stick last night—put them on this morning, and smashed five slugs in one, and seven earwigs in the other.—Mem. Old gloves the best slug-trap.

"August 5.—My cucumber frames yield plenty of fruit—have gathered not less than twenty, worth twopence each—cost me only five pounds six shillings and sevenpence."

The learned societies, and the venders of patent medicines also contribute their share to our amusement.

To return to the illustrations, (in which, after all, lies the attraction of the book,) June gives us Somerset House in all its glory—July, Vauxhall, with the indefatigable and verbose master of the ceremonies—August an oyster carnival—September the humours of Bartholomew Fair—October a country-coach and its passengers, who have expended their substance and good looks in the metropolis—November a Guy Faux scene—and December, last and best of all, a jovial Christmas dinner, with the buxom mistress of the house laughing at the head of the table, and the master laughing at the foot, to the obvious peril of the sides of his next neighbour—the stout lady with the teeth—and a servant man unable to keep his gravity as he brings in that glory which hath not yet utterly departed from old England—a plum pudding.

We counsel all who would enjoy a merry hour in this month of fogs and long faces, to send for this Almanack without delay, and we are sure they will not think their half-crown thrown away.

The Cabinet of Friendship. A Tribute to the Memory of the late John Aitken, Editor of 'Constable's Miscellany.' Edited by W. C. Taylor, A.B., T.C.D. London: Whittaker & Co.

AS we are not endowed with the powers of the Shadowless Man in 'Peter Schlemihl,' who contrived, from a scrap of cloth he drew out of his pocket, to stretch a sumptuous tent over the heads of a goodly company of revellers, some of the numberless volumes of light literature which are just now crowding upon us, must need wait for space and leisure. But here is one we cannot pass by, even though we have to squeeze our good-will and good word into a corner. This volume, to which many well-known and skilful hands have lent their aid, is collected for the benefit of the widow of one whose lot was the too common fate of a literary man—an early grave!—and no inheritance but his good name to leave behind him. To those, then, who will act, as well as feel, we commend it: they will find among its contents a good story by Mr. James—a lively Scotch fairy tale by one of the Misses Corbet—a translation from Wallenstein's 'Camp,' by Mr. G. Moir—some poetry by Mr. T. Roscoe—a piece of learned pleasantries by the editor—in short, as much variety of song and story as can be packed into the compass of four hundred and forty-four pages.

Journal d'un Déporté non jugé. 1834. (Printed for private circulation.)

Monsieur de Barbé Marbois, well known as minister, ambassador, and chief judge, as also for a History of Louisiana, of which province he negotiated the sale, wrote an interesting account of his *fructidorisation*, as the French say—in plain English, his transportation, by a *coup d'état* of the Executive Directory, to the pestilential regions of Cayenne and Sinnamari, in 1797. He wrote while suffering under the cruel sentence, but never thought of printing till now—and which he has done merely for his friends; from one of whom we have obtained the favour of a copy for perusal, with liberty to give such extracts as we think likely to interest the English reader.

Barbé Marbois, a member of the *Conseil des Anciens*, was included with fifteen of his colleagues in a proscription that was in reality directed against the press; since all the respectable editors and proprietors of journals, to the number of forty-two, were on the fatal list, though most of them, from their superior capabilities of getting information in time, were able to escape the blow. The sixteen representatives, too aged (they were nearly all between 50 and 60 years old), and too proud of their political dignity and principles, to allow of flight, were seized, thrown by sixes into iron cages on wheels, without trial or sentence, and jolted off to Rochefort; the cages and their contents being deposited in dungeons each night.

My companions (says M. de Barbé Marbois,) had had the consolation of conversing, previous to their departure, with their wives and children: I, eighty leagues distant from my family, remained anxious and ignorant how my

+ Carnot, however, did escape, whilst Barthelemy, another director, scorned even to step aside from the blow.

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poor wife would bear the news of my incarceration. A stranger in France, my Eliza reckoned, on quitting Philadelphia, never to be separated from me. She had passed her childhood in the troubles of the American revolution. A fugitive with her father, proscribed, like other royalists, she had hoped to find tranquillity in France; but there another revolution awaited her. In these circumstances, a husband's presence and support were all in all to her. I thought upon this, borne away as I was irrevocably from her, and this was the bitterest of my reflections. On the morning of my departure for Blois, Cordubar came to bid me ascend to the lodge of the porter: I obeyed—and in a moment my wife was in my arms. Eliza had come upwards of 100 leagues to bid me an eternal adieu. We had but a few minutes to be together. She hastily informed me, that, passing through Paris, she had seen some friends, who had given her hopes that we should not be sent, for the winter at least, farther than Oleron. She spoke of my aged mother—of our child?—but we had subjects for endless concern, and but a quarter of an hour to satisfy it in. With the consent of Cordubar, and on the condition that Eliza would preserve silence, I conducted her into the damp chapel, where we had slept, and where my companions were only waiting for me to depart. I introduced them to my wife. The apparition of a woman, beautiful, courageous, superior to the weakness of her constitution, moved all who were present. The keepers signified to her to depart. My heart was broken. I embraced her for the last time. In her trouble, she exclaimed—instead of *Adieu*—that she would return. I cried out in the presence of the magistrates of Blois, "Solicit my trial, but never my pardon." I afterwards learned that, on traversing the court, and seeing our cages drawn up, she fainted away. A captain of *gendarmerie*, perceiving that her domestic was unable to support her, offered her his arm: for this act he was dismissed from his place, by order of the Directory.

M. de Marbois has here concealed the full truth—the completion of this scene. His wife, on recovering from her swoon, had lost her reason: nor did she ever recover her senses, being obliged to remain in confinement till her death, which took place a few months since. No sooner had the prisoners arrived at Rochefort than they were removed from their cages, and hurried on board a wretched vessel, where their fare was worse than the hole in which they were huddled, and their treatment worse than that experienced from the gaolers along the road.

One of us, not being able to reach the bread, asked one of our guardians, a youth of 15 or 16, to hand it to him: the boy paid no attention at first, and at last flung the bread rudely to him who asked it—it was Pichegru. "When the sun is down," observed the General, "cowards look big in the dark." "Mind what you say," rejoined the boy to the conqueror of Belgium; "and take care whom you speak to in such a tone."

They were a long time on their voyage before they could form a conjecture as to whether they were bound. At length, getting into warmer latitudes, a large box, which had hitherto been kept closely covered upon deck, was opened, and Barthelemy discovered a bread-tree plant. "We are going to Cayenne," said he: "Lareveillere Lepaux has been for months impatient about sending this plant out to Guyana."

† The present Duchesse de Plaisance, so remarkable for her love of, and residence in, Greece.

There is one characteristic in these volumes that rather mars the impression they would otherwise excite: it is, that a considerable portion of the suffering proceeds from hunger. Hunger certainly is a suffering that one can deeply sympathize with. What so tragic, for example, as Ugolino's? and Pellico's is not less dignified, and scarcely less touching. But whether it is that M. de Marbois has dwelt too much upon it, or treated it in too light a manner, one is as often inclined to smile at, as commiserate, the sad pinchings of stomach experienced by the *déportés*—yet the poor men were almost starved.

One night a carpenter came, and mysteriously sawed an aperture in the wooden partition of our dungeon. Soon after a leg of mutton and two loaves made their appearance through the aperture. It was some compassionate officers, who thus risked dismissal to send us their supper. Though known to have a good appetite, yet my character for justice was such, that I was intrusted with dividing the prize in the dark. Perhaps the portions were not precisely equal. I kept the shank myself, and certainly there was some meat attached to it. Methought every part of my body was alive to seize its share of the much-wanted aliment. The silence was broken but by mastication. We were concord and happiness itself, when Ramel, the insatiable Ramel, thought fit to ask for his second piece. I was petrified. There was none. "You are eating yet," he exclaimed. It was true: I had been carver. But hungry stomachs will not hear reason; and all my comrades rose in rebellion against me. Bourdon, the jacobin, made a terrible hubbub. Each thought he had been the worst off. I appealed to Barthelemy and Laffor: they were silent; even my friend, of thirty years' standing, would not speak for me. I then appealed to Brotier, the mathematician—equally in vain. All condemned—all bore me rancour; and I suffered more than can be imagined from the injustice—quite as much, perhaps, as I had suffered from that other piece of calumny, equally untrue, of my having been a party to the Treaty of Pilnitz.

They landed at Cayenne in November: their deportation had taken place in September. Collot d'Herbois and Billaud Varennes, two of the infamous and sanguinary jacobins, had undergone the same punishment, and had preceded the present criminals to Cayenne. The inhabitants had as great a horror of the Terrorists as they showed themselves kind and feeling towards Marbois and his companions. There were some exceptions: Lavilleheumois, for example, was lodged in the house of a republican zealot, who thus addressed him:—

"Collot was here before you—Collot, who demolished Lyons, and blew its inhabitants before his cannon; but public safety was his excuse. He was the father of the French republic: it was at his suggestion that royalty was abolished. He was rewarded by being banished to this unfeeling spot, where the colonists received and treated him barbarously. Despair caused him a fever; yet he feared to take the medicines they gave him. He called for wine, drank it to excess, and died. Not a stone marks his tomb. You, you—royalist, are inhabiting his chamber—you sleep in his bed—and, living or dead, you will not want friends, whilst he perished without one. Such is the reward of patriotism."

Cayenne, however, was considered too salubrious and comfortable for the exiles: they were dispatched from thence to Sinna-

mari. Here we have the history of the end of another Terrorist:—

After the death of Collot, Billaud Varennes was sent to Sinnamari. He disembarked there on the 27th of October, 1795. Thunderstorms are rare at this time of the year; yet there was a tremendous one at the landing of Billaud. The colonists and Indians saw in the storm the declaration of Heaven pronounced against the great criminal. It was with difficulty that he found a lodging, and that which did receive him was immediately abandoned by every one else. He was soon reduced to utter solitude. He amused himself by teaching a parakeet to speak, and carrying it on his hand in his walks. One day, a bird of prey pounced upon it, and devoured it before his eyes. The death of a pet bird brought tears to the eye that had seen and had ordered so many executions. Yet his demeanour at Sinnamari was reserved, decent, equable, equally free from baseness as from arrogance. I never spoke to him, although he passed four times a day before my cabin.

The ill-fated exiles occupied themselves as they could; those, however, who took to agriculture and hard work, died. M. de Marbois commenced with carpenter's work; he made barrows, desks, a sun-dial; tried his hand even at a clock, but proved not so successful as Louis XVI. He then took to sketching, even portraits, much more to the satisfaction of his black than of his white customers; but even the negroes were not satisfied with a representation of their faces in profile, and pleaded hard to have "the other eye and the other ear put in."

His companions, however, could find no occupation to reconcile them to exile. "Pichegru used to get Aubry, Delarue, and Ramel together in the evenings. He was ever engaged in warlike exercises, drawing his bow, sculling his canoe, and was soon as adroit as an Indian; so that I quickly saw his intention of escaping in the disguise of one." With this view perhaps, in order to become better acquainted with the *Galibis*, as the Indians of those regions are called, and also to accustom the governor to occasional absence, a few of them made a visit to Simapo, an Indian establishment not far off. The work contains a very interesting sketch of their manners and mode of life.

The women sometimes, in the presence of the men, kissed me on the mouth, not without some inconvenience from a mode they have of adorning their chins. They pierce a hole beneath their lower lip, and introduce into it eight or ten pins, which remain with their points outwards, hanging down or protruding like a beard, and offering a formidable barrier to whoever might be bold enough to approach them with gallant intentions.

On the left bank of the Sinnamari, opposite the village of Simapo, there is the habitation of an Indian who is member of no tribe. Like the savage in Dryden,

He is free as nature first made man
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.

Ouravagare belonged to a distant tribe, which had been dispersed and destroyed by war. He took refuge at Simapo, the chief of which had just died. He offered to replace him; he was refused; and he then asked permission to live in the midst of the new tribe, but not as a member of it, in complete independence. This too was denied; so he established himself alone on the other side of the Sinnamari. His wife

nd children form a community of seven, over which he rules with absolute power.

But we must hasten onwards. Eight of the *déportés*, with Pichegru at their head, planned an escape. Marbois refused to join in the scheme. He shrunk from the confiscation of his property, which would follow, and which would leave his wife and children unprovided for. On the 3rd of June 1798, the eight took advantage of a short absence of the General, and set off at nightfall to gain a bark at some distance from the town. They completely succeeded, and were able in a few days to gain a neighbouring Dutch colony, whence most of them, Pichegru amongst the rest, made their way to England.—We may return to this work.

Will Watch; from the Autobiography of a British Officer. By the Author of 'Cavendish,' &c. 3 vols. London: Cochrane & Co.

Mr. Jerrold having led the way by founding a drama upon Gay's most delightful and touching 'Black-eyed Susan,' the author of 'Cavendish' follows his example, and has made that fine rough sea-song, 'Will Watch,' the text of his new novel. The vein, now first wrought, will, we fear, be found inexhaustible,—Dibdin alone having left half a hundred heroes and heroines only waiting to have their histories written. What a busy time, then, is coming for the readers of romances, and their still more luckless critics! It requires no small degree of nerve to anticipate without shrinking the days when the 'Lass of Richmond Hill' will make her appearance in three volumes,—when "My own dear Somebody's" adventures are set forth in six books, each garnished with pithy and choice mottoes,—and when 'Mad Bess' and 'Crazy Jane' (considerately coupled together,) are announced as forming the forthcoming volume of a Family Cabinet Collection of Romances!

This contrivance for multiplying fictions, however, being as yet only in its infancy, we have had time to read through the novel before us deliberately,—and not without pleasure. The story, it is true, is too much smothered among long extracts from fictitious journals, and other hindrances; and the heroine does little more than walk across the stage twice, and—stop, we are bound not to anticipate the last pages of the third volume;—but there are stirring scenes to be found in the book,—here and there a character; and Will Watch and his Amazonian mother, and his little sister, Fanny, form a group which we see with our mind's eye after we have closed its pages.

The story refers, as may be supposed, to the time of the late war; and its author brings upon the scene many of our great naval heroes,—the Earl St. Vincent and Lord Nelson, among others; but we have too lately been looking at the realities of the lives of these brave men, to be contented with their fictitious portraits, as here set before us. Admiral Fluke, with his familiar, Corporal Royal, and the Memoirs he dictated to the same, is better done;—there is heart in the character, and it is maintained unchanged till death. Captain Burgos, too, with his most laconic grace after dinner—"Had enough"—is not amiss; nei-

ther is Captain Carrington, with his incessant allusion to the learned Vanderbruggius; but it is a mistake to imagine that "one swallow makes a summer,"—that one catchword, or comical attitude, constitutes a character. The most one-idea'd creations of the master of modern fiction—such as Dominie Sampson and Dugald Dalgetty, have something distinctive to give them mark and humanity, beside the constant prosing of the one about the "Lion of the North," or the other's most effectively simple "Prodigious!"

It is not difficult to select extracts from this book, the merit of which rather lies in scenes than in a coherent story. Our readers may like to hear a little of the hero's autobiography:—

"'Ye see, Sir,' proceeded Will, 'my father was a Kentish man, and the earliest thing I recollect about him, or myself either, is being dandled about by a tall, stout, rough old chap, some six feet high, with a nor'wester tarpauline shipped on his knowledge-box, a reg'lar sea-built pea-jacket on, and a pair of jack boots coming up to his middle. Ah, Sir, he was the chap for a natty fellow! Every hair in his beard would a done for a tooth-pick; fifty tons o' chalk coming down from the cliffs surge-o! would never a made half the row that his old boots kicked up, in clattering over the shingle at low tide; and as for his voice,—there, Sir, he'd stun a hundred boatswains, pipes and all, and not be out o' breath at the end of it:—ah, Sir, he was the right sort o' fellow, I don't doubt; but ye see, Sir, I never knew much of him, for happening to haul his head-yards rather of a sudden one fine morning, he paid slap off before the wind, and was out o' sight to-leeward, before my old mother could cry out Jack Robinson, and even that I'm thinking wouldn't have stopped him.—However, says she, all's one for that, and when a man's time is come why 'way aloft! and when a fellow's glass is out, why top-sides down and turn him, and no piping about it, either here or there. So the old 'oman takes to blacks and drops o' brandy, and in six months she's spliced again, taut as ever.'

"'And how old was the old 'oman when she married again, Will?'

"'Oh, seven or eight and twenty or thirty, Sir, or thereaway. * * * Let me see, I wasn't much more than a year old, I believe, for ye see my father hadn't been married long—but let that stand.—Hold hard a minute, Sir, where was I? Oh my old mother—well, you see, Sir, instead of splicing in again with one of the right old craft, she gets a hold on some mechanical timber-toed chap—not that he hadn't all his limbs of the reg'lar sort o' flesh and blood, and they no light ones, but he was a stiff-headed fellow, you see, Sir, a reg'lar pia-wau-wau-picked-up-along-shore-hauberk.'

"'What do you mean by that, Watch?'

"'Hem, Sir! why I hardly know how to make it out to ye: but ye see—ye see, Sir,—to be short and sweet, Sir, it's a sort o' fellow I wouldn't give a quid for.'

We had intended to give our readers a peep at Admiral Fluke over his Memoirs, and at his secretary, who read him to sleep every night with the portion that day indited, and who, on being charged with bad spelling, and confronted with Johnson's Dictionary, exclaims (and, we think, not without cause,) "Why, where now, Mister Charles, is the use of your honour's being so prejudiced to what this chap says, or t'other chap says?—I should like to know what's the use o' my being Admiral's secretary, if my word's not as good as anybody

else's." But perhaps the description of the smugglers' cave, and the final scene before it, will better bear being detached.

"We at length arrived before a perpendicular wall as it were of the chalk, some twenty or thirty feet in height. Behind us, in a little semicircle, rose the rocks, which completely shut us out from the view of the attacking party, and between us and the wall, lay a tiny lake, some fifteen yards across, half as many in depth, and about twice as many in length. It was formed by the flowing of the sea into a natural chasm, left by the cliff as it fell; and we could distinctly hear the gentle gurgling of the water to our right, reverberating along through the tortuous passage which communicated with the ocean; thus supplying this little reservoir with water, without allowing its calmness to be affected by the swell without. The sun shining down over the rocks, which completely surrounded this little loch, lit up its white and shining bed in a manner truly beautiful to behold; while the depth of the water, seemingly even greater than it was, added a lovely tinge of blue, beautifully contrasted with the vivid hues of the orange-coloured star-fish, which, clinging to the rocks beneath, dotted at intervals the distant bottom. In one or two places, the wild and stunted shrubs grew down close to the water-line, and the shadows of a couple of young ash trees were seen playing on its sparkling surface. The passage across was by a very slippery causeway, not more than a foot broad at the widest, and formed by the edges of some ponderous fragments of the cliff, which had fallen across the pool almost in its centre. Altogether it was one of the loveliest little spots that I think I ever beheld, and thus suddenly brought before the eye without notice or warning, seemed more like the fond dream of some warm imagination, than one of those many pieces of nature which the universal mother has scattered at random through this lovely world!—heedless alike, whether there is an eye to admire, or a foot to profane them."

After many rescues and escapes, Will Watch is at last fairly attacked in his stronghold. The siege laid to this, is too much spun out, but its conclusion is brief and fearful:—

"For a moment, I thought I could perceive a tall stout figure, surmounted by the cocked hat which marked out the distracted mother, amid the very hottest of the fight that was to decide the destinies of her son.—But this might have been thought alone.—The apparition flashed before my eyes, and then again was lost. Will, I could distinguish nowhere, though doubtless he must have been present with his men, and while I was yet trying to pick him out from among the Patagonians so busy in the work of slaughter and defence—a sudden startling light burst forth over sea and sky, and gave the brief blaze of noon-day to the little bay around; while almost at the same moment, an awful and tremendous blast issued forth from the rugged mouth of the cavern, so long lit up by the fire of both parties.—Before its terrific breath was whirled like chaff upon the wind, a mingled mass of many objects—darkling in the fierce and ruddy glow, like missiles from the mouth of some vast and overloaded bomb. A long line of light darted upwards above the cliff, like the fire of an extended line, flanking each wing of the cavern.—The cave itself—the ramp—the rocks—the very promontory of which they were but parts, seemed instinct with life and motion, as if heaved forward by the last tremendous struggles of its imprisoned Titans, while the very earth trembled beneath us.

"It falls—it falls!"—shrieked Royal—utterly bewildered at the dread spectacle, and folding me in such a suffocating clasp that I could scarcely breathe.

"The beetling precipice, heaved thus forward from its bed, now tottered for a few brief seconds, as if undecided in its fall.—A deep and frightful chasm already yawned behind it, while the besiegers, who but an instant before were pressing forward in an eager swarm, now at the imminent risk of life and limb—leaped—dashed and ran down the steep ramp in the wildest confusion and dismay!—Shrieks the most harrowing that ever pierced the ear of man, rose fearfully on high, as the gigantic mass of solid mountain, urged far beyond its poise, came thundering to the sea, with a sight and sound that mocked the din of armies or the shock of battle. Broken into a thousand fragments by its fall, and sweeping and hurling everything before it, the shattered cliff roared onward till it met the waves. The furious waters of the last, were now dashed on high into one solid jet of foam, and seemed to emulate in height the fallen mound that had so long and so lately held them at resistless bay: even the solid ground beneath our feet rose and fell like the sister element that had beat upon its bed for centuries! Echo after echo now seemed to take up their everlasting note. Fall after fall was heard reverberating along the cliffs around and above us, and there we stood in momentary apprehension of being added to the dreadful number of the victims, by the concussion shaking down some of the adjacent rocks upon our heads. Slowly, and with a terrible suspense, the din gradually died away into the far distance of either side, and there lay before us the tremendous ruin we had just seen wrought!—There perished friend and foe in one vast grave!"

On the whole, the lighter as well as the graver scenes of this book give us the impression, that its author might and will do better.

The appendix "containing the statement and correspondence relative to Capt. Marryat," will be considered generally as the most piquant morsel in the three volumes. Our readers probably know from the proceedings at Bow Street, of the personal rencontre between Mr. Neale and the Captain, in consequence of the refusal of the latter to give Mr. Neale what is called satisfaction. In this the Captain was, beyond all doubt, right. If a gentleman can put up with a wrong or an insult for twelve or fifteen months—many months, by Mr. Neale's own confession—it is universally admitted that he must put up with it for ever; and we quite agree with Capt. Marryat, that, time and circumstances considered, the whole affair looks very like an ingenious advertisement of the present novel. Still, the notice in *The Metropolitan*, coupled with the personal intercourse and kindness once existing between the parties, as fairly to be inferred from the Captain's admitted revision of 'Cavendish,' require explanation, and we presume the public will shortly be favoured with "a counterblast."

POOR LAWS.

An Act for the Amendment and better Administration of the Laws relating to the Poor, in England and Wales, by John Tidd Pratt, Esq. Second Edition.—To this edition, Mr. Pratt has prefixed a preface, giving an outline of the provisions of the Act, and explaining the intended object and effect of some of those enactments, upon which much misconception has prevailed, and considerable dissatisfaction has been ex-

pressed. To those who are called upon to administer the poor laws, the perusal of this preface may afford some useful hints, although, of course, in the construction of the questionable clauses, doubts may yet prevail, notwithstanding the explanations of one of the framers of the statute.

Money-penny on the Poor Laws of Scotland.—A fit companion for the Act regulating the government of the Poor in England and Wales, and at this time a work of great general interest, in all parts of the kingdom. A correct knowledge of the progress and present state of the system of poor laws in Scotland, may here be acquired, and its comparative advantages and defects duly estimated. Those whose inclination, or duty, leads them to consider this difficult and important subject, will not find their time misspent by looking over the statements and remarks contained in this volume.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

ASCENT TO THE SUMMIT OF THE POPOCATEPETL, THE HIGHEST POINT OF THE MEXICAN ANDES, 18,000 FEET ABOVE THE LEVEL OF THE SEA.

[The following interesting narrative is translated from a letter addressed by Baron Gros, Chief Secretary to the French Legation in Mexico, to a friend at Paris.]

Mexico, 15th May, 1834.

THE valley of Mexico is one of the most picturesque in the world; it is bounded on the S.E. by a range of mountains, from which two volcanoes rise up, known by the Indian names of Iztacihuatl and Popocatepetl. Their peaks, always covered with snow, are at sixteen and eighteen thousand English feet above the level of the sea. The crest of the former, the nearer to Mexico, runs from N.W. to S.E., and is irregularly rent. The latter is a perfect cone. It somewhat resembles Mount Ætna, but does not, like that mountain, rise from a plain. The Popocatepetl is on the side of the platform of the Cordilleras Mountains. On one side, the N.W., the forests of firs which surround it terminate at the foot of the valley, and the last trees are mingled with the wheat, Indian corn, and such other European plants, as grow at that height; but, towards the S.E. the forests continue farther down. They, however, become gradually thinner, very soon disappear altogether, and are superseded by the sugar-cane, the cochineal-tree, and all the rich and varied vegetation of tropical regions. A traveller, by starting from the volcanic sands, a little above the boundary of vegetation, and coming down in a straight line into the valley of Cuautla-Amilpas, would, in a few hours have gone through all climates, and could gather all the plants which grow between the Pole and the Equator.

It follows from this, that the snow which is on the S.E. side, must in certain cases be influenced by the breezes of warm air, which constantly rise up from the valley of Cuautla. The snow partly melts in the dry season, and whilst the north of the volcanic cone is perpetually covered with snow and ice down to the firs nearest to the top of the volcano, the lava and porphyry on the south side are bare.

This, therefore, is the side on which to look for a passage when wishing to ascend to the summit of this mountain, the highest in North America. I tried it last year with a different result.

You know how my first attempt proved unsuccessful. M. de Gerolt and myself were overtaken by one of those tropical storms, of which in Europe you can form no idea. It became indispensable to pass the night amongst the wet firs which grow on the brink of the sands; we had but a cloth stretched with cords over a tree half thrown down, to shelter us from the rain, the hail, and the snow, and we considered ourselves fortunate in having thought of wrapping up our

clothes, for a change, in the cloth which was destined to be so useful to us. You have probably not forgotten the storm over our heads, and that which rent the trees below us, and those horizontal flashes of lightning which produced so disagreeable an effect upon my travelling companion; and then our six hours idle walk in the snow, after having been abandoned by our guides, and our blindness for several days, brought on by the reflection of the sun, and our fatigues, our sufferings, our want of courage, the loss of strength, and in fine the painful necessity of giving up our enterprise, when we had but twelve or thirteen hundred feet to climb before arriving at the summit, the promised land.

This year we have met with nothing of the kind; we have had a run of the most favourable circumstances. We profited by the experience of last year, and the 20th April at thirty-seven minutes after two in the afternoon, I planted on the highest peak of the Mexican Andes a flag, which had never floated on so high a spot before.

We had finished all our preparations in the beginning of April; we had barometers, a miner's compass, for want of a theodolite, which is too heavy to be carried up to such a height, some thermometers, one of those little *œolipiles* by Breuzin for heating water, a good telescope and a hygroscope. All these instruments had been compared with those here, belonging to General D. Juan de Orlegozo, and to Professor D. Joaquin Velasquez de Leon, in order to enable us on our return to compare the results of the experiments made at the same hours by those gentlemen in Mexico, and by us whilst on our journey. I had had a tent made for shelter; and we were supplied with hatchets, saws, ropes and iron-shod bamboos; these latter are indispensable in expeditions of this nature; mine was fifteen feet long, and I intended to leave it behind us on the top of the volcano. I took good care not to communicate this project to my companions: it was possible we might fail in our expedition, and I did not wish to sell the lion's skin before I had killed the lion.

On the morning of the 15th we started; we had with us three Mexican servants and three dragoons—we each had a second horse and a mule of burthen. In two days we reached Zacualpam-Amilpas, where Mr. Egerton, an English painter, who was to be of the party, soon joined us. We had planned to remain at this place until the time should seem most opportune for making the attempt.

Whilst waiting for the so much wished-for opportunity, I spent my time in carefully examining, with the aid of a telescope, the summit of the volcano, and I made drawings, as accurately as possible, of the rocks, the ravines, and the courses of the lava which are on this side. We then searched on the paper for the direction which promised the most success, for we well knew the guides would leave us the instant we reached the perpetual snow.

At length, on the 27th, we commenced our march, and reached Ozumba at three in the afternoon. We sent for the same guides we had made use of last year. They are Indians of the village of Atlautia, which is at the very foot of the Popocatepetl: we took three. We laid in provisions for four days, and the next morning by seven o'clock we had begun, with our mules and horses, to ascend the mountain. At one o'clock we arrived at the Vaqueria, a veritable Swiss chalet, which is used as a shelter by the keepers of a numerous herd of cows, and is the last inhabited spot on the mountain. At three o'clock we arrived at the point where vegetation ceases: this we did by ways which might almost be said to be beaten, for we had occasion but once to make use of our hatchets. As you are acquainted with the Alps, I have nothing to say on those admirable forests

of oak, of firs, and of larch, which we passed through. They resemble each other in both hemispheres except that at the foot of these there are large flocks of *guacamaias*, (a large green parrot with a red head,) which are not to be met with at Chamouy or at Salanches. There are also in the forest lions of a small species, *jaguars*, wolves, deer, and a great number of wild cats, but we did not see a single one of these animals.

As you get higher up in the wood, the fir trees become scarcer, and of less size. Near the sands they may be said to be dwarfs, and all the branches are bent downwards, as if seeking below a less rarefied air. After these firs, for the most part lying down and nearly rotten, you meet but with some tufts of a sort of currant-tree, with black fruit: and then here and there clumps of a yellowish moss, which grows in a half circle in the midst of scattered pumice-stone, lava, and basalts—in short, there is no longer any vegetation, and I did not even see lichen on the rocks. One then begins to feel that one is in a sphere wherein it is not possible to live. Respiration is difficult: a certain melancholy, which is not without its agreeableness, comes over you; but, in truth, I cannot exactly define the sensations I experienced when entering these deserts.

The instant you have left the wood, about one-third the height of the volcanic cone, you see only an immense extent of purple sand, which is in some parts so extremely fine, that it is blown by the wind into the most perfect ridges. Blocks of porphyry, scattered here and there, break in upon the monotony of the scene. The top of the undulations in the sand is crowned with numerous little pumice-stones of a yellowish colour, which seem to have been heaped up by the wind. In short, from the summit of some of the volcanic rocks, masses of porphyry and black lava descend, intersecting the ridges of sand, and lose themselves in the forest. The highest part of the volcano is completely covered with snow, and this snow has a so much more brilliant effect that the sky is of a blue almost black. A few footprints of wolves and jaguars were visible on the sands near the wood.

After having for a short time admired this sad and singular sight, we returned into the forest; the tent was pitched near to the prostrate tree where we last year passed so dreadful a night; fires were lighted, and, whilst our *moscos* were preparing our beds and repast, we endeavoured to get a little higher up, in order to accustom our lungs to breathe an air so little congenial to them.

We had returned by six o'clock. Fahrenheit's thermometer was at 50°. The barometer at 19.120 (English inches); water boiled at 90° of the centigrade thermometer. The humid zone of the hygroscope appeared at 36°, and disappeared at 37° of the interior thermometer, whilst the exterior marked 50°.

Having finished our experiments, we made our preparations for the next day. In the night we suffered from the cold.

On the 29th, at three o'clock in the morning, we started, with a fine moonlight, warmly clad, the face and eyes sheltered with green spectacles, and a gauze of the same colour, which wrapped up the whole of our heads. Of my flag I had made a belt. We were seven: the three guides already mentioned, M. Gerolt, the Prussian Consul General, Mr. Egerton, an English artist, Luciano Lopez, his Mexican servant, and myself. We each of us had a little bag containing bread and a flask of sugar and water. The Indians carried our instruments, and some provisions. We walked behind each other, taking care to tread in the same steps as the foremost guide, in order to have firmer ground. Of course each man carried his iron-shod bamboo. We advanced very slowly, and were obliged to rest

at about every fifteen paces to take breath. The sugar and water was of immense service, for, being obliged to keep the mouth open to breathe, the throat became parched, and a few drops of sugar and water every five minutes prevented the pain becoming unbearable. We zig-zagged and went sideways: the ascent is so steep, that it would have been dangerous, and next to impossible, to have gone up in a straight line.

By the time the sun appeared above the horizon, we had reached a great height, when we observed a singular phenomenon, but such as has already been seen on the banks of the Rhine. The shadow of the whole of the volcano was completely visible on the atmosphere. It was an immense circle of shade, through which we could see the whole country to the horizon, and which rose afterwards far above it, terminating by a vapour moving from south to north, the circle descending and becoming more and more transparent as the sun rose, and in about two or three minutes it was entirely dispersed.

At nine o'clock we reached the celebrated Pico del Fraile, beyond which we could not get last year. Our names, which we then imprinted with a hammer, remained perfect, only the first letters, towards the west, were become of a clear yellow colour.

This peak is a pile of reddish circular rocks, such as is to be found on one of the crests which runs down from the summit. Its perpendicular height is from eighty to one hundred feet, the diameter is about fifty. It terminates in a point, and is distinctly visible from Mexico.

Our guides had consented to go thus far, but nothing could induce them to go farther. I do not think they were more tired than we were, but certainly they were under the influence of some superstitious fear.

Our way to the Pico was long and fatiguing, but not dangerous. We had not yet met with any snow, and it had not been necessary, as last year, to climb up with our hands. I felt less oppression than I had feared I should, and my pulse beat but 120 per minute. We were full of courage, had plenty of time before us, and the clearest sky.

We had planned to halt at the Pico del Fraile, and to recruit our strength by a light breakfast. I thought it would be imprudent when at that elevation to eat much, or to drink spirituous liquors, for the nervous system is excited to an inconceivable degree. We, therefore, took no more than a little bread, and a little of the white meat of a fowl, with a glass of weak wine and water; and after one hour's rest at the foot of the Pico, we resumed our journey.

At nine o'clock the thermometer was at four centigrade degrees; the barometer at 16.472; water boiled at eighteen centigrade degrees. I did not make any hygrometrical observation. The sky was of a much darker blue than on the preceding day. Unfortunately, we had no instrument wherewith to measure its density.

At ten o'clock we were on our way without our guides, and, having to carry our instruments, we found them tremendously heavy.

It is necessary to pass in front of the Pico, and to turn round it on the right. After having got beyond the Fraile, there is, on the left, or rather on its prolongation, a crowning, which terminates at a mass of rocks which exfoliate like slate. They rise up to about 150 feet perpendicular. The summit is covered with snow, and long stagonites of ice fill up the crevices. There is no outlet on this side. On the right is a tolerably deep ravine, which, from afar, we had taken for the remains of a crater. It extends in a straight line from the top of the volcano to the nearest fir-trees, and is intersected with basalts of lava and porphyry, and, at particular places, is crossed by perpendicular walls of rock and immense heaps of snow; but it was easy to see that, by making some circuits, the summit of the

volcano might be reached that way. We, therefore, went down into this hollow, and, without losing sight of one another, each took different roads: M. de Gerolt the middle; I walked on the left, and Mr. Egerton, with Luciano, between us. I thought mine to be the best path, but I was mistaken; I nearly broke my neck a hundred times; and, if I again undertake the journey, I shall go by the bottom of the ravine.

When we could get upon the snow, we walked with greater facility. It was furrowed by the wind and sun, and was like a fresh-ploughed field; and, as the furrows were parallel to the horizon, they served as steps. On the sands and rocks there was real danger, for the least inattention or false step would have been fatal. At twelve o'clock we had reached the summit of those perpendicular rocks I have before mentioned; and our strength was beginning to fail us, and, after every eight or ten steps, we were compelled to make a long rest to take breath, and to allow the circulation of the blood to quiet itself a little.

Though we were in the midst of snow, we felt no inconvenience from the cold, except when drinking, or when we touched the metal parts of our instruments. But it was necessary to call aloud to be heard at twenty paces; the air was indeed so rarified at that height, that I tried in vain to whistle, and Mr. Egerton had the greatest difficulty in obtaining a sound from a small horn he had brought with him.

At half-past two M. de Gerolt was on the highest point of the volcano. He skipped about with joy, and made me a sign indicating that there was an abyss at his feet. At thirty-seven minutes after two o'clock I had attained the summit, and I was on the highest edge of the crater. Here all my fatigues were over; breathing was no longer difficult; I was body and soul absorbed in the sight I had before me, and I felt a new life. I was in a state of supreme satisfaction, difficult to be described; and I also leaped in my turn, to encourage Mr. Egerton, who still had some awkward passes to get over.

The crater is an immense abyss, nearly round, bulging considerably to the north, and with some sinuosities to the south. It may be a *league* in circumference, and eight hundred or a thousand feet in perpendicular depth. Its edge is not horizontal; it lowers towards the east with sufficient steepness to create a difference of one hundred and fifty feet in the height of the two opposite points. Notwithstanding this, the diameter of the centre is so great, and the height at which it is so immense, that, from whatever part of the plain you look at the volcano, that part of the edge which presents itself to your view always appears to be the highest.

The walls of the abyss are perpendicular. Three large horizontal strata are perfectly visible, perpendicularly striped at almost equal distances by black and greyish lines. The bottom is a funnel formed by the detached parts which have from time to time fallen down, and which now do so daily. On the inside of the edge, down to fifteen or twenty feet, are layers, black, red, and whitish, very thin, supporting blocks of volcanic rock, which, however, fall occasionally into the crater. The bottom and the inclined plane of the funnel are covered with an immense quantity of blocks of pure sulphur. From the middle of this abyss, masses of white vapour ascend with great force, but disperse when about half way up the crater. Some also escape from openings in the slope of the funnel, and others from seven principal fissures, between the layers which form the very edge of the crater; but these do not rise to above fifteen or twenty feet.

The openings in the bottom are round, and surrounded by a circle of pure sulphur. There is no doubt that these vapours, which escape with so much force, must carry with them large quantities of sulphur in a state of sublimation, which are deposited on the stones and

around the vent-holes. So much sulphurous acid gas escapes, that it was offensive to us on the summit. The exterior of the edge of the crater is free from snow; but within, on the side where the sun does not shine, there is a quantity of stagonites of ice down to the beginning of the third stratum. The highest summit of the volcano is a small platform of about twenty feet diameter, with some of that purple sand which is so abundant at the base of the cone.

You may easily feel how imposing such a sight must be. Such masses of lava, of porphyry, of red and black scoria, those whirlwinds of vapour, those stagonites, the sulphur, the snow; in short, this strange confusion of ice and fire which we met with at eighteen thousand feet in the air, remarkably excited our imaginations. We should have liked to have gone all round, but we had not time, and I believe we had not sufficient strength.

At three o'clock the thermometer was at -4 centigrades. The moist belt of the hygroscope appeared at 34° , and disappeared at 33° of the interior Fahrenheit thermometer, whilst the exterior thermometer was at 40° .

In consequence of the violence of the wind we were unable to light the spirit-of-wine lamp for boiling water; but that which was much more unfortunate was, that in turning over the barometer for the purpose of running the quicksilver into the ball, some globules of air got into the tube: the instrument became comparatively useless.

If you read attentively the description I have given you of the volcano, you will, no doubt, be struck with two things. The first is the singular disposition of the apertures through which the vapours exhale. They are at the bottom, and in a circle; so that those yellowish walls, a thousand feet high, and of a league in circumference, appear as a screen to chimney flues conducting the vapour to the highest level of the ground. The second is the extraordinary coating of the interior of the crater. All those layers of lava, of sand, of stone, which form the mass of the volcano, are of the same nature on the outside as on the inside of the crater:—on the outside, however, all is black, purple, and red; whilst on the inside a dirty white and yellowish hue prevails. There is therefore either a decomposition of the volcanic substances by the sulphurous gas, or a deposit of sulphur on the edges—perhaps both. We unfortunately could not get any of these whitish substances; and M. de Gerolt, who tried, was near paying dearly for his imprudence. He had descended by an inclined plane in one of the rents of the crater; but the sand was giving way under his feet, and he was sliding down towards the abyss, when he was fortunate enough to save himself with his iron-shod stick. It would, no doubt, have been magnificent to have had such a grave; but my travelling companion's ambition did not seem to extend so far.

If we were well agreed on this point, there was one on which we were not equally so. This was a strong and prolonged noise, which we heard at times from the interior of the volcano. We felt no motion, and nothing was thrown up from below. M. de Gerolt admitted that this noise was such as might be made by detached stones from the upper part of the crater falling down on the inclined plane which forms the bottom; now I twice saw blocks of a tolerable size detach themselves: I watched them as long as possible, and the noise we heard corresponded precisely with the shocks they met with in falling. I therefore think that the kind of lengthened detonations which occasionally occurred, proceeded from similar causes. M. de Gerolt spoke of subterranean action, and of the expansive force of the vapour. We were perhaps both right, for if, owing to causes easy to conceive, the stones were to obstruct the vent-holes, the vapour would

not be long ere it would disengage itself with violence and noise from the obstacles opposed to its passage.

You have doubtless read in the histories of the Conquest, that Don Diego Ordaz, one of Cortes' officers, went up to the volcano for sulphur to make powder. There were perhaps at that time some fissures on the side of the mountain where it deposited itself, as is now to be seen in Italy. I do not think it is possible to get at that which is in the crater; and it is probable that in Fernand Cortes' time the volcano was more active than at present. There are millions of quintals of sulphur at the bottom of the funnel; the air is infected by the emanations. I have no doubt, that a person let down would be suffocated by the sulphurous vapour before having reached a depth of two hundred feet. Now, two hundred feet are not a fourth of the distance to the yellow masses which cover the bottom. Even supposing that one could breathe therein, the ropes required to go only to the nearest inclined plane would have to be of a prodigious length; and how are they to be got up to the top of the volcano, when it is so difficult to get there oneself, and that the least weight is almost an intolerable burden? I am therefore of opinion, that if Diego Ordaz gathered sulphur on the Popocatepetl, it could only have been at a little above the volcanic sands, and not in the crater.

By half-past three we had terminated our experiments, made sketches, and fixed our flag on the highest point of the volcano. At four o'clock we were in the hollow way opposite the Pico del Fraile, where our guides were waiting for us. We made them a sign to return to the tent, and we continued to descend by a different route from that which we had ascended. At five we were on the borders of the wood. We observed several blocks of porphyry which had fallen recently from the summit: probably at the time of the earthquakes on the 13th and 15th of March. They had made a deep furrow from the top of the sands to midway down the mountain; but as the accelerated motion had caused them to rebound in rolling to the place where they were, their further progress was marked by deep holes made at each rebound. At six o'clock we were under the tent, but too tired and too much agitated to be able to sleep. When awake I spoke of the crater; and if I contrived to get to sleep, the oppression came on again, and I suddenly awoke.

The next morning, 30th April, at seven o'clock, the camp was broken up; at nine, we were at the Rancho, and at twelve, at Ozumba.

We collected a large quantity of plants and flowers in the forest: amongst others, a shrub, which I think has not yet been described, nearly similar to our red laurel, but the flowers of which are like our lily of the valley, white clusters with a reddish hue.

In the court-yard of the house we lodged at, at Ozumba, I put up a telescope, looking on the summit of the volcano; and for two days this court-yard was filled with persons who came to take a view of our flag floating in the wind. By this means I gave an undeniable proof of what we had done,—a thing indispensable in a country where the people are not disposed, and for very good reason, always to believe what is told them.

On the 2nd of May we were in Mexico, recovered from our fatigues, and very well pleased with our excursion. We shall repeat it in the beginning of November.

In short, the Popocatepetl is a volcano, whose fires are not dead, though its eruptions must have ceased many centuries before the conquest. . . .

[Here follows an abstract of the foregoing observations. We shall extract only what is new.]

Over-head the sky was of a blue nearly

black; the horizon was at a prodigious height, almost confounding itself with the sky. We could distinctly see Orizaba to the east, and the volcano of Toluca to the west; Mexico and its lakes appeared at our feet; the Izalciuhatl we saw without its presenting any appearance of a crater: finally, I do not think that I exaggerate when I say we could see for 60 leagues around us; but all was confused, and as if in a transparent fog.

We were excessively fatigued. I had a violent head-ache and a very strong pressure on the temples; my pulse was at 145 per minute, —only 108 after taking a little rest; but I was very little more oppressed than when at the Pico del Fraile. We all four were deadly pale; our eyes sunk in their orbits, and our lips were of a livid blue. When we rested on the rocks, with our hands above our heads, or laid down on the sand, with our eyes shut, our mouths open, and without masks, we looked like so many dead bodies. Though aware of this beforehand, I experienced a very disagreeable sensation when closely looking at one of my companions.

At the Pico del Fraile we saw, as last year, a crow; and when we had reached the summit, we saw two of those birds flying at two hundred feet below us. As far up as the Pico, which is the boundary of the perpetual snow, under the stones which have preserved some moisture, are to be found a species of large woodlice, nearly in a torpid state. They were the last living things we met with on the ground.

We are not the first persons who have reached the top of the volcano. Many attempts have been made, which have failed from different causes. When arrived at a certain height, some travellers have been seized with a vomiting of blood, which compelled them to abandon their enterprise. In 1825, and in 1830, some Englishmen reached the crater. Mr. Glennie (William) was the first, I believe, who reached it. He gave a plain straightforward account of what he had seen; but a friend of the marvellous got hold of it, to enlarge upon and publish in the Mexican journals. Mention is therein made of columns, of porticos, of Chinese bridges of ice, of which we saw nothing, and of continual eruptions, none of which took place before us.

VISIT OF PROFESSOR AGASSIZ TO MR. MANTELL'S MUSEUM AT BRIGHTON.

LAST week, Professor Agassiz visited the Museum of Mr. Gideon Mantell, at Brighton, purposely to examine the splendid collection of Fossil Fishes, discovered by that gentleman in the chalk hills of the South Downs. A distinguished scientific friend had the gratification of being present, and thus writes to us:—

"M. Agassiz expressed his extreme delight and astonishment at seeing the internal structure of many of the fishes so fully displayed. 'In other collections (he said), in various parts of Europe, I have seen the external forms of fossil fishes in high preservation; but I never expected to see the interior organization and structure laid open in the distinct manner which has here been effected by the consummate anatomical skill of Mr. Mantell. No museum I have hitherto examined presents anything of the kind comparable to the collection now before me.' The great attention M. Agassiz has bestowed on this department of natural history enabled him to throw much light on some of the specimens. He confirmed, in general, the conclusions of Mr. Mantell, particularly with respect to that remarkable elongated cylindrical mass, seen within the bodies of some of the fossil fishes, which, in the earlier specimens, Mr. Mantell supposed to be the air-bladder, but which he had recently informed me, he believed to be the stomach or colon. One of the specimens of fish resembles the

Amia of Carolina; and M. Agassiz has lately dissected a specimen of a fish, sent from the United States, which presents a great analogy to the fossil fish, and has corroborated the opinion, that the internal mass was the stomach. M. Agassiz further confirmed the character given by Mr. Mantell (in his valuable work on the 'Geology of the South-east of England,') of several of the Ichthyolites in his museum, as belonging to the families of Salmo and Zeus, or Dory, of which, according to M. Agassiz, there are several extinct species in Mr. Mantell's museum. The jaw and teeth of an animal resembling, in some respects, the jaw of a crocodile, but differing in other particulars (see 'Geology of the South-east of England,' p. 153), M. Agassiz says, belongs to an extinct class of animals, which he calls Sauroid Fishes, or fishes that had a structure approaching that of Saurians or Lizards.

"For the information of your readers who have not seen Mr. Mantell's museum, it may be proper to state, that the fossil fish in this collection, unlike those generally discovered in the strata below or above the chalk, preserve their natural rotundity of form. In some specimens, the mouth is open, as if in the act of swallowing, and where the internal structure is exposed, the stomach is round and uncompressed. This fact is of considerable importance, as it proves that the animal perished by some sudden evolution of mineral matter, which encased the body before the putrefactive process had commenced, and enabled it to resist the pressure of many hundred feet of chalk deposited over it. Besides the collection of fossil fishes, there is also, we believe, a more complete collection of Fossil Zoophytes and Shells, from the chalk, than can be seen in any other museum; but its chief glory consists in the remains of enormous reptiles, discovered by Mr. Mantell in the Wealds of Sussex, to which he has recently made many important additions, since the removal of the museum from Lewes. To Mr. Mantell we are entirely indebted for our knowledge of the Iguanodon, a terrestrial reptile, approaching closely in form to the Iguana of the West Indies, but from 70 to 100 feet in length. One thigh-bone is three feet eight inches in length, and about thirty-four inches in circumference at the condyles: a group of four vertebrae of the tail, each of which is nearly twenty-four inches in circumference, prove the gigantic size of the animal. Through the kindness of some of his scientific friends in Brighton, Mr. Mantell has obtained possession of the skeleton of this animal, found the last summer at Maidstone, which is now in his museum; and though several of the bones are mutilated or lost, it has enabled Mr. Mantell to make out the osteology of some parts of this extraordinary animal which were before obscure. The toe-bones are, some of them, very large, and closely resemble those of the hippopotamus: these Mr. Mantell believes to be metatarsal, belonging to the hind feet, while the bones of the fore feet, or fingers, are comparatively slender, like those of the recent Iguana; a supposition rendered probable, when we reflect that the latter reptile climbed trees, and therefore required prehensile feet; but the monstrous Iguanodon would in vain have sought for a tree on which to suspend his colossal form, and would want a firm support for his enormous carcass. The claw-bones, which Mr. Mantell has recently discovered, tend to confirm this conjecture: they resemble in form those of the land-tortoise. From the size of the thigh-bone before mentioned, we may infer that the thigh itself, when clothed with muscles and integuments, and covered with scales, must have been as big as the body of a large ox. Though numerous teeth of the Iguanodon have been discovered, it is greatly to be regretted that no

head or jawbone has yet been found; but the recent discovery of so large a portion of the skeleton, in one mass, as that from Maidstone, has fully confirmed Mr. Mantell's inferences from the detached and broken bones found before in Tilgate Forest.

"A large portion of another skeleton of a different reptile, which Mr. Mantell calls the Hyteosaurus, or fossil Lizard, presents some remarkable characters,—particularly a row of terrific spines, which were probably erect on the back, and in this respect realized the forms of the fabled dragons of romance.

"M. Agassiz spent four days chiefly in examining the fossil fishes; and he regretted that his engagements as Professor in a foreign university compelled him to return so soon. During his visit, I had several times the pleasure of meeting M. Agassiz and Mr. Mantell in the museum, with Dr. Buckland, Dr. Faraday, Mr. Lyell, Mr. Bakewell, and Mr. Ricardo.—B."

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

EVERY day brings us fresh tidings of winter: publishers are bestirring themselves with announcements of coming works; painters putting the fruits of their summer rambles in form for the spring exhibitions; and learned and scientific institutions opening their doors again. The Society of Arts has announced the subjects of their Evening Illustrations for the approaching season. On the 11th, as we announced, Dr. R. Grant delivered a lecture on Microscopic Animalculæ, reported in this day's paper. The rest will be as follows: On the 9th of December, Dr. Birkbeck on the Preservation of Timber, and other vegetable substances; on the 13th of January, 1835, Mr. A. Aikin on the Natural and Commercial History of Cotton; on the 10th of February, Mr. J. Rofe, Jun. on the Construction of Roofs; on the 10th of March, Mr. A. Aikin on Limestone and Calcareous Cements; on the 14th of April, Mr. J. Savage on Bridge-building and the principles of Arches; on the 12th of May, Mr. J. Wicksteed on the Distribution of Water in the Metropolis; and on the 9th of June, Mr. Gardner on the Trigonometrical Survey of the British Islands.

Such of our readers as were interested by Lady Morgan's warm-hearted appeal on behalf of Mrs. Belzoni, (which appeared in our columns last year,) will learn with pleasure that the embarrassments of that unfortunate lady have been at last relieved, by the grant of a well-merited pension.

At Mr. Evans's sale of part of the Library and MSS. of the late Daniel Lysons, during the past week, many curious and valuable works were brought to the hammer. Among the MSS. a collection of letters from Canning, Fox, Burke, and Sheridan, which, we are told, brought good prices.—A further division of Mr. Heber's library is to be offered for sale, by the same party, early next month.

The Italian Opera is still in a state of uncertainty, and no rumours current, as to our prospects for next season, upon which we can place much dependence. We wish that some of our influential amateurs would take up the matter, and see if some of the abuses so forcibly pointed out by Lord Mount Edgumbe cannot be remedied. Between the enormous rent asked, and the enormous demands of the principal artists engaged, every manager seems to have only one of two roads before him—from the Haymarket to the King's Bench, or the Bankruptcy Court.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 10.—W. R. Hamilton, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—This being the first meeting of the Society for the season, there was a numerous attendance of members, and a long list was read of presents of books and maps made to the library during the recess.

Afterwards, the following were exhibited:—1. Two charts of the Quorra, by Lieutenant Allen, R.N. (who accompanied Mr. Lander in his last expedition); one on six sheets, with elevations of the banks, and the other a reduction of it on one sheet. These were contrasted with a chart of the river, as previously laid down, with very imperfect means, by Mr. Lander; and it was observed, that the latitudes remarkably coincide, but the longitudes differ, Mr. Lander's being in some places almost 2° too far East. The true mean course of the river below Rahba is nearly N.N.E. and S.S.W.—2. A detailed map, on a large scale, of Van Diemen's Land, sent by the Surveyor General of that colony to the Colonial Office, and thence lent to the Society for exhibition.—3. A similar map, but on a smaller scale, of New South Wales, also lent by the Colonial Office.—4. Two beautiful maps, or rather models, being in relief, one of central Europe, the other of southern Italy, sent by Messrs. Richter, Soho Square.—5. A detailed map of the borough of Marylebone, sent by Mr. Britton.

Afterwards were read the minutes of the last meeting, which, consisting chiefly of the letters received from Captain Back in June last, were followed by those which arrived lately, both illustrated by a map on a large scale, showing his position and operations up to May last. The evening concluded with extracts from a MS. journal of Travels, recently made in the Beylik of Tunis, by Sir Grenville Temple, Bart., and illustrated by a map and about eighty very beautiful and highly-finished drawings, which were suspended in the room. The portion extracted related to the ruins yet visible on the ancient site of Carthage.

"Early on the following morning," says this traveller, "I walked to the site of the great Carthage, and, although prepared to find but few vestiges of its former grandeur, my heart sunk within me when, on ascending one of its hills from the summit of which the eye embraces a view of the whole surrounding country, I beheld nothing more than a few scattered and shapeless masses of masonry. Two wretched villages, Muallak and Dowar-es-shatt, the Marabet of Sidi-Abdallaziz, and the little Fort of St. Louis, in which were interred the remains of Louis IX. of France, are the only inhabited spots within the vast precincts of the ancient walls; and the scene that was once animated by the presence of nearly a million of active and warlike inhabitants, is now buried in the silence of the grave, no living soul appearing, except occasionally a soldier going or returning from the Fort, or the solitary and motionless figure of an Arab watching his flocks from the summit of the fragment of some former temple or palace. In short, solitude and silence hold undisputed sway over the whole scene—a scene which impresses on the mind a feeling of melancholy, difficult to shake off."

A brief review of the history and misfortunes of Carthage, into which Sir Grenville Temple then enters, will explain, he thinks, why so few of its remains have survived to the present day, and why none, even of these, can be positively asserted to be coeval with the ancient, or original town, excepting perhaps the public cisterns, and the aqueduct which supplied them. We shall endeavour, therefore, here chiefly to abridge his account of these constructions.

The best preserved is the lesser set of cisterns situated under Fort St. Louis. They form an oblong square of 449 feet in length, by 116 in

breadth, and consist of eighteen cisterns, each ninety-three feet long, by nineteen feet eight inches wide; and to the summit of the vault the height is twenty-seven feet six inches; but the cisterns themselves are only capable of containing a depth of seventeen feet of water. On each side of the building, along its length, runs a gallery six feet six inches wide, which opens on each of the cisterns; and, at the N.E. end are two large and deep wells, which do not communicate with the other reservoirs. At the angles of the opposite extremity are two circular rooms, with little domes or cupolas, one of which only now remains; and there were also two similar ones at the end of the tenth cistern, counting from the S.W. These rooms may probably have been the residences of the persons appointed to take care of the reservoirs, which were not supplied by the aqueduct, but solely by rain water, which, falling from the roof, was conducted below by earthen pipes. These cisterns, as well as all the other buildings extant at Carthage, were built with small, irregular-shaped stones, imbedded in a great quantity of very hard mortar.

The larger set of cisterns are seen at Maallakah, and may be said, indeed, to constitute this village itself, as, though in a much greater state of dilapidation, they are almost all inhabited, or used as stables. Thirteen of them may be yet counted, but there evidently existed a great many more. They were supplied with water, brought by the aqueduct from Zaghwān, after a course of fifty-two miles; and received it by a channel three feet wide, which also supplied some large adjoining edifices, the ruins of which are seen in and round the village. Among others, may be yet traced the foundations of an amphitheatre, whose extreme length was three hundred feet by two hundred and thirty feet, and the dimensions of the arena one hundred and eighty by one hundred feet. This building, when required for a *naumachia*, appears to have been supplied with water from the aqueduct; and between it and the present hovels of Dowar-es-shatt, are the traces also of a circus.

The aqueduct itself has been almost totally overthrown; yet its huge fragments are distinctly seen stretching across the plain from Maallakah to the hills above Arriana, and are compared, by Sir Grenville Temple, to the "bleached vertebrae of some enormous serpent." The best preserved portions are to be seen near the sources of the Milean, in the plain which extends from the hills of the Mohammedah towards Uthina; and again about four miles beyond the Manoolā. Though originally, it is believed, constructed by the early Carthaginians, it has been rebuilt and repaired by successive occupants of their country. The most ancient, and consequently the Punic portion, is of stone cut in embossments; and has also stone arches, on several of which are seen cut letters or numbers, made by the workmen, to define the places they were to occupy. Where some of these stones have fallen, their place seems to have been supplied at later periods, by stone slabs or large bricks. Other parts of the aqueduct are constructed entirely of mud; and others again, of that mixture of small stones and mortar, already adverted to, as employed in the construction of the cisterns.

The measurements and proportions of the several parts of the aqueduct, differ as much as the materials of which they were built. The Punic pillars, or supports, measure generally eight feet six inches by ten feet one inch, with an open interval between them of fourteen feet one inch. Three, constructed of mud, are fourteen feet seven inches by twelve feet two inches, with intervals of ten feet fifteen inches, and even twenty feet, between them. The height varies of course, according to the level of the plain; in some places rising to ninety-eight feet, but not in general exceeding sixty-six feet. The water-course was arched above and grooved below,

about five feet high by three feet one inch broad, and everywhere lined with a very hard cement. The mud portion of the work is composed of several layers of this material, three and a half feet in height, and joined to each other by a cement; these appear to have been constructed, by filling frames, in a manner still in use in the Regency of Tunis. Between the several layers are still to be seen beams of wood in perfect preservation, which are either remains of scaffolding, or were thus placed to give additional strength to the structure.

The thanks of the Society were unanimously voted to Sir Grenville Temple, for his very interesting communication; and a general wish was expressed in the room, that the MS. from which this portion was taken, might speedily be published. So accessible as the Beylik of Tunis is, it may, indeed, be wondered at, that so little is known of its interior; the greater part of which Sir Grenville Temple seems to have visited with little difficulty. And, judging from his drawings, the general accuracy of which, so far as their localities were known, we heard attested in the room by another traveller, Mr. Catherwood, recently returned from the same quarter, we should judge, that details regarding it, would be of extreme interest both to the antiquarian and comparative geographer.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Nov. 5.—The first meeting of the Society for the season—W. R. Hamilton, Esq., in the chair. The customary routine business having been disposed of, including the announcement of numerous presents to the Society's library, the Secretary read a memoir communicated by W. Newnam, Esq., of Farnham, on the diseases of literary men—a subject well fitted to the occasion, and treated with much intelligence and good feeling. The writer's first object was, to trace the principal causes of those maladies to which men of genius, and persons in general devoted to literary exertion, are more peculiarly liable. These maladies consist chiefly of functional derangement of the nervous system and digestive organs,—degenerating, if the sources of injury be not removed, into organic disorder, and total destruction both of physical and intellectual health. The cause of these evils exist, not, as is sometimes supposed, in the sedentary habits of the student, but in the over-stimulated state of the brain. Every organ and function, but the nutritive system especially, is dependent for its healthy action upon a due supply of the nervous influence; but this supply is cut off by an excessive expenditure of the cerebral energy in intellectual labour. The argument was pursued, first, through an examination of the functions of the brain itself, and the respective effects upon that organ of the several kinds and degrees of mental exertion; and, secondly, of the organs dependent upon the brain for support. Among the reasons urged by Mr. Newnam for care and moderation in the exercise of the intellectual faculties, are these: that while the body has many organs adapted to its different functions, the mind has only the brain for its organ; that the vital functions of every other organ are dependent upon the influence of the brain; and that while every other organ acquires power by exercise, the brain, if employed beyond a certain point, loses power. Having pointed out the danger and indicated the symptoms of incipient cerebral disorder, the writer proceeded to show the means by which may be secured the largest amount of intellectual exertion, with the least possible injury to the physical and mental powers. This part of the memoir was arranged under the following heads, each comprising some valuable hints to our literary friends—viz. the regulation of the passions, order in intellectual pursuits, intermission and change of employment, the cultivation of friendly and relative society, bodily

exercise, sleep, the agency of the atmosphere upon the physical economy, clothing, and diet. By concentrating the results of extensive inquiry and experience upon the important subject he had chosen to treat, the writer produced a memoir, which, if less technically learned than some which are brought before the Society, was certainly well calculated to answer the design of being practically useful, with which he stated it to have been undertaken.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 5, being the first evening of meeting for the session, the Society assembled at their apartments in Somerset House, George Bellas Greenough, Esq., the President, being in the chair.

A paper by Prof. Agassiz, of Neuchatel, was read, giving an outline of his Classification of Fishes founded on their scales, and an account of the geological distribution of Fossil Fishes.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—The first illustration of the Session took place on Tuesday evening. The subject, 'Microscopic Animalculæ,' by Dr. Grant, Professor of Zoology, &c., at the London University.

Dr. Grant adduced many interesting and important facts connected with animalcules. In adverting to their immense number and fertile generation, he stated that within the same animalcule had been discovered four, or even five, generations of the species. He combated the opinion formerly held, that animalcules subsisted by absorption; and, as, by the assistance of the microscope, and other contrivances, a mouth, and numerous sacs or stomachs (to the number of 120 in one animal), have been discovered, he considered it probable that an alimentary canal, and the organs of digestion, also exist. He alluded to their tenacity of life, and stated that, in water which had been boiled to an extreme heat, and placed in a bottle hermetically sealed, they were still found; and that, on the stagnant waters, pools, &c., which they inhabit, becoming dry, the animalcules still remain, in apparently an inanimate state, and on again being exposed to moisture they revivify: from the action of the wind on this living dust, the Lecturer endeavoured to account for the existence of the same species in all quarters of the globe, in salt water and in fresh. He alluded to the mistaken belief, that some zoophytes were formed merely of incrustations of animalcules. Dr. Grant stated, that, on a single zoophyte, he had calculated 500,000,000 animalcules, and that these form its food. He expatiated on the curious construction of animalcules, and illustrated the subject by drawings.

In the ante-room, a painting as large as life, by Barry, of Adam and Eve, was exhibited, which bears some fine touches of the artist in his best days. It was presented to the society by R. H. Solly, Esq.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

TUES.	Linnean Society.....	Eight, P.M.
	{ Geological Society.....	p. 8, P.M.
WED.	{ Society of Arts.....	p. 7, P.M.
	{ Royal Society of Literature.....	Three, P.M.
TH.	{ Royal Society.....	p. 8, P.M.
	{ Society of Antiquaries.....	Eight, P.M.

FINE ARTS

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

OUR table is absolutely smiling with beauty: we have ladies of every complexion and expression of countenance, awaiting our notice and judgment. It would be discourteous to let them wait one unnecessary moment; and, as their simultaneous arrival has somewhat amused us, we could not address ourselves to our task in a more suitable or complimentary humour.

To begin, Mr. George Hayter and Mr. Bromley give us a full-length portrait of the Princess Victoria, and the engraving is a good one. There is something of artifice and stiffness in the figure, which detracts from the general effect of the picture; but some old author has sadly said, that "Royalty has no youth," and the presence of this formality may ensure the truth of the portrait.

Mr. Wood's 'Promise'—two half-length female figures in a circular frame, is well engraved by Phillips. The girls are both beautiful, but we have seen many like groups, which have pleased us more than the one before us; and every repetition of the subject must of necessity increase its difficulty.

The next engraving—the frontispiece to Heath's forthcoming '*Book of Beauty*'—is one which may be spoken of without any qualification. We have seen the days when the price of these nineteen engravings, with their accompanying letter-press, would have been given for this charming portrait of the Countess of Wilton, painted by Lawrence (of course), and engraved by Thomson. There is a true patrician ease and sweetness about it, which have never been exceeded: it will be long, we fear, before such features will again find such a hand to do them justice. The next illustration to the '*Book of Beauty*,' Lady Elizabeth Leveson Gower, painted by Bostock, and engraved by Ryall, is also delightful: the antique dress harmonizes well (which is strange) with her young, innocent face, and her long light ringlets;—these look (as Mr. Bulwer says in one of his novels) "as if a sunbeam had been caught in them, which was unable to get loose." Mr. Chalon's portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Leicester Stanhope, in a sort of Corinna dress, is bright and sparkling, perhaps a little too much so; and it is a relief to turn from it to Sir Joshua's gracefully simple portrait of the Duchess of Gordon, which shows in most happy contrast among the works of modern artists, and, we hope, is not the last of its kind we shall see in future numbers of this collection. For the rest, Mr. Stone is Mr. Stone always, and Mr. Parris rather too fond of fine clothes. Mr. E. Landseer's portrait of Lady Georgiana Russell shows us a sweet contemplative face, but we cannot admire the arrangement of the hair, nor perceive the wisdom of our ladies of the nineteenth century in dressing after the fashion of Fredegonde and Clotilda. The features of Mr. Faulkner's 'Helen' are rather too pronounced; she is, we suspect, a maiden, who has known, or is to know, deep sorrow. Mr. Chalon's 'Fountain Nymph' is shadowy and poetical; she seems almost melting into the cool water, but her tresses are too redundant, even for Undine herself. We have, however, turned back twice to look at her. 'The rest of the subjects are of commoner order than the above.'

'The Biblical Keepsake.'—This, we suppose, must be numbered among the Annuals for 1855. It is a collection of the choicest views, engraved by the Messrs. Finden, in illustration of the Bible. If we do not speak of the beauty of these, it is because we have already paid to them our just tribute of admiration, when they first came before us. We may, however, add, that now they are thus bound together, they form an interesting and beautiful volume, which ought, and will be, a welcome present to all classes—gay as well as grave.

An Illustration of the Human Head.—Three plates by Mary Baldwin Williamson, representing the head, the muscles of the head, and the bones of the head. They are drawn in a tolerably good style on stone, and may be of use to juvenile artists, for whom, it is said, they are intended.

THEATRICALS

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.
This Evening, (first time) the new Operatic Drama, RED MASK; or, the Council of Three. With the Music of 'Il Bravo,' by Mariani.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.
Every Evening, MANFRED.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

ANOTHER novelty, by Mr. Buckstone, has been produced here with success, under the title of 'Agnes de Vere, or, the Broken Heart.' It is, we understand, a translation from the French; and yet it is very much of that school which our Gallic neighbours were in the habit of so loudly blaming in us. There are but three principal characters in the serious portion; one of whom is shot, a second poisoned, and the third dies of a broken heart. "Something too much of this," we said; but the rest of the audience did not say so; and, to be candid, we do not believe they even thought so. To the success of the comic parts of the drama, Mrs. Keeley, Mr. Buckstone and his serpent, were equally instrumental.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

ANOTHER new burletta was brought out on Monday last, called 'Name the Winner.' It was well supported by Mr. Liston, Mrs. Orger, Mrs. Knight, &c., and seemed to excite considerable mirth in the audience. Its reception would have been still more favourable, had it not fallen off towards the end; in short, if it had been better wound up, it would naturally have gone better. Its author is Dr. Millingen.

We have to congratulate Madame Vestris on an acquisition to her company, in the person of a Miss Malcolm, who is a very animated little actress, and who has made quite a little hit in Mr. Planché's little farce of 'My Daughter, Sir.'

MISCELLANEA

Corneille. — An imposing and interesting ceremony lately took place at Rouen, the inauguration of a statue to the memory of Corneille. This statue is formed of an enormous mass of bronze, weighing altogether 4540 kilogrammes, and was executed under the direction of M. Gregoire, the architect. The principal civil and military authorities of Rouen were present at the ceremony, as well as deputations from various literary and scientific bodies, and great numbers of ladies and gentlemen connected with the town. The persons whose presence excited the greatest interest, were the following surviving members of the family of the great Corneille: Mademoiselle Jeanne Marie Corneille, M. Alexis Corneille, Inspector of the Academy of Rouen, his lady and children, M. Joseph Michel Corneille, and M. Xavier Corneille; both these latter gentlemen have official occupations at Rouen. M. Dumas, in the name of the Dramatic Commission, passed an eloquent eulogium on the merits of the poet, and the conclusion of his address was hailed with salvos of artillery. The whole ceremony passed off with great éclat.

Artesian Wells.—The construction of the Artesian well at the Abattoir de Grenelle, is proceeding with activity. The works have been carried to a depth of 450 feet, a greater depth than has ever been yet attained in Paris. The engineer, M. Mulot, has undertaken to bore to the depth of 1200 feet, if no spring of water be discovered in the meantime.

Discoveries in India.—A French paper states, that a Russian traveller, M. Honigberger, who recently travelled through India, has made some curious discoveries. Besides a collection of antiques in marble, bronze and sculptured stone, M. Honigberger, has brought home some rare medals, two of which are of gold. One of these medals, which he found among the stone monu-

ments, in the environs of Kabúl, may be regarded as an important discovery, as it bears the effigy of a king (Kadphises) with whose name, Europeans have hitherto been unacquainted; nor has it been mentioned in history; on the obverse is the bust of an old man. His head is bald, and there is no emblem of royalty about him. The head is surrounded by the legend "Kadphises Basileus," and some other letters are perceptible, but not very distinctly. The reverse exhibits the figure of a naked youth, whose head bears some remains of a cap. There is an inscription on this side, in ancient Pehlevi characters. Another medal which the traveller has brought with him, represents an Indian prince at full length, who has in his right hand a species of trident. The reverse bears the effigy of a man, by whose side is an animal with horns, supposed to be the Indian sacred cow. The other portion of M. Honigberger's collection consists of Bactrian medals in silver, a large size Demetrius, a small Euthydemus, and a small Hormis-das, all of which are in tolerable preservation.

Siam.—[The following is extracted from a letter lately received by the Bishop of Pignerol, in Savoy, from a Roman Catholic missionary in that country.]—Siam is a very fertile country, and yet it is thinly peopled, and badly cultivated. Though larger than France, it has not one-tenth of the inhabitants. On comparing the births and deaths for a period of ten years, it appears that the population decreases at the rate of one-ninth every year. Thus, in less than a century, the land would be a desert, if the constant influx and settlement of foreigners, for the sake of trade, did not supply the deficiency. Already it contains as many Chinese as Siamese. Several causes concur in producing this terrible depopulation: in the first place, polygamy—for the rich have from forty to fifty wives—the late king had a thousand; secondly, the great number of the talapouts (priests),—in Bankok and its district, they may be estimated at one-fourth of the inhabitants. Another cause is the extreme filthiness of these people. They build their houses upon dunghills; moreover, in this hot climate, they live with their hogs, whose accumulated excrements diffuse a horrible stench. If we add to this, that the Siamese are in the habit of feeding upon all sorts of unwholesome things, it will not appear surprising that they should be seized and carried off by many fatal disorders—as cholera morbus, dysentery, fevers of various kinds, cholera, &c. They are subject also to a peculiar kind of disease, which they call "being seized by the wind." Persons in their usual health suddenly drop down insensible: if a patient does not die within the first twenty-four hours, he speedily recovers. Many a time have I been summoned in the night to persons so affected, for the purpose of administering extreme unction, and next morning I have found them over a large dish of meat and rice. The combination of all these circumstances is sufficient to account for the feeble constitution of the Siamese. They have much less strength than Europeans; the least bodily exercise fatigues them. Hence the Chinese physicians would not fail to distinguish a European from a hundred Asiatics, even though they did not see him, merely by feeling his pulse.

New South Wales.—Major Mitchell, the Surveyor General, at Sydney, was about to set out on an exploring tour into the interior. No expense had been spared in fitting out the expedition with every thing necessary for so important a duty. It is much to be regretted that no naturalist or other scientific person is ever employed to accompany these missions, from the want of which more than half the advantage to be derived from them is generally lost. All we com-

monly obtain is an uncertain description of the existence and course of certain streams and rivers and two or three high hills.—*Hobart Town Courier.*

Antidote to Arsenic.—The French papers state, that a surgeon of Gottingen has just discovered, that the peroxide of iron is a powerful antidote to arsenic. Twelve parts of hydrate of peroxide of iron are necessary to neutralize completely one part of oxide of arsenic. It is prepared by pouring nitric acid into a very pure solution of sulphate of iron, precipitated by ammoniac, and well washed. Experiments with this antidote have been tried upon rabbits and other animals, with complete success. One advantage of it is, that no injury can be done by too large a dose. In cases where large quantities of arsenic have been taken, it has been found useful first to encourage vomiting.

Large Mass of Silver.—A mass of silver was lately found in the mines of Königsberg, (says a letter from Christiana,) supposed to be the largest ever discovered. It forms a mass of pure silver, of the weight of 304 kilogrammes. The net produce of these mines for the five months preceding, amounted to 1820 kilogrammes, and for the whole year 2660 kilogrammes, of pure silver.

Population of France.—According to a recent calculation, the population of France was estimated at 32,663,072 inhabitants; but it appears by an official table, inserted in the *Bulletin des Lois*, that the total population amounts only to 32,569,223.

Comets.—We are indebted to the kindness of a correspondent as acknowledged heretofore, for a copy of the following letter, written in 1793, by Mr. Thomas Barker, on the subject of Comets, and in which mention is made of Halley's Comet, the re-appearance of which is expected in 1835. While on this subject, we may remind our readers, that a paper on the Halley Comet, by Dr. Hartmann, of Berlin, appeared in the *Athenæum* of Jan. 29, 1831.

Sir,—I have too long neglected answering your letter, acknowledging the favour of a copy of your Book, for which I return you thanks; and I have in the mean time look'd among my papers, and found a plan of the visible path of the great Comet of 1744, of which I here send a copy. That Comet before it's appearing so bright in February 1744, was seen from Oct. 22 to Nov. 1, 1743. I did not know Mr. Morris myself, but think his name was Gael Morris; and I have a letter from my grandfather the Rev. Mr. Whiston, containing those three observations as from Mr. Morris, and no more, which I have inserted in my book as his. The Comet was then in opposition to the Sun, very far distant, and moving slowly, and probably he then lost sight of it. It began to be seen again Dec. 23, being visible to the naked eye, though small, and but little tail, moving about 2° in a day. As it came nearer it increased very much, both in brightness and tail, which was 8 or 10 degrees long Jan. 22, and very broad at the end; 14 degrees the 20th, and reaching to the head of Andromeda. Feb. 5 it was brighter than any of the fix'd stars, and redder. Feb. 9 the body measured 12° long and 8° broad, and across the atmosphere 2°. Feb. 13 the tail was 16° long, and crooked, and for several days it was seen both morning and evening. The last time I saw it was Feb. 18th, in the morning, then moving 2° in a day; it was brighter than Venus, and the tail very crook'd, the end pointing 49° more easterly than the bottom. I saw the lower part of the tail after the sun was risen, and the Comet itself till between 11 and 12. Perhaps the Comet might have been seen a day or two longer, but it was cloudy, and then it got too near the sun, and into such altitude. But it was seen by Pascoe Thomas, in February and March, who was then coming home with Anson, and was east of the Cape of Good Hope, as he mentions in his Journal of the voyage.

Sir Isaac Newton's method of finding a Comet's orbit, I could construe very readily, when I was in frequent practice of it, though it is a very long process to do it accurately; so that I do not wonder that others have endeavoured to find out a shorter way. I suppose all methods must be in some measure by guess at first, and then corrected by trial. Before I had fixed on making my Table of the Parabola to every fifth minute, I had tried some other intervals, and had none a good way in making one to tenths of a degree; but thought it better to conform to the usual method of degrees and minutes. I have copies of those numbers I had before calculated, but as I completed the Table in one way, those imperfect series are now of little use.

I gave in my Pamphlet on Comets, a table of the angle and distance of the Comets of 1680 and 1682, to be used in drawing their Parabolas; as I find I have calculated two other Comets, those of 1661 and 1764, I here send a Table of them. I do not remember why I did that of 1764, but that of 1661 was in expectation of its return in 1789, but I think nobody saw it then. If it did come at all, and was at its perihelion in July, it might be always so much behind the sun, and so far off, that it might pass by unseen. There has been only one Comet yet return'd when it was expected, that of 1682 in 1759, which having now been seen probably 5 times at least, it seems to be confirm'd, yet in that the periods were not equal. The attraction of the planets seems to have great influence on the motion of Comets, and perhaps sometimes so much, that they may not be known when they come again; for we have orbits of Comets of several hundred years standing, which are not known to have come again, and among all the Comets, which by more careful watching, have been so often seen of late years, hardly any appear to have been one of those which had been seen before. A French astronomer, I think it was Clairaut, calculated the effects of the attraction of the several planets on the Comet of 1682, before it's return in 1759, and I think it came within a fortnight of the time he set.

I am, Sir, with all due respect,

Your humble servant,

Lyndon, Rutland,
Sep. 3, 1793.

THO. BARKER.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mary—Rev. D. L.—F. H.—A weekly reader.—L. L. R.—J. B.—A. G.—Anthus—received.
A. A.—As early as possible.

We have received from Carlisle, Plymouth, and Paris, Meteorological Tables for the month of October. We are of course greatly obliged to our correspondents, but it is impossible that we could publish their several contributions, without occupying more space than could with propriety be spared to one subject, however interesting to particular readers. The Tables of the Royal Society are a standard of authority to which all can refer.

We have received the *Liverpool Chronicle*, wherein it is stated, on the authority of the American Consul, that the story which appeared some time since in the *Athenæum*, translated from *The Morgenblatt*, relating to Captain Robinson having confined his mate in a hen-coop, is but the application of an old story to a most respectable man, wholly incapable of conduct so cruel and absurd.

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Oct. 10, 1834.

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THE Professors commenced their Lectures

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At Nine o'clock the Hospital will be visited by the Clinical

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At One o'clock, Dr. Macartney, on Anatomy.

At Two o'clock, Dr. Barker, on Chemistry.

At Three o'clock, Dr. Lendrick, on the Practice of Medicine.

At Four o'clock, Dr. Graves, on the Institutes of Medicine.

Dr. Alliman's Lectures and Demonstrations on Botany, will

commence in the last week of April, and end before the middle

of July.

A separate Course of Lectures on Surgery will be delivered by

Dr. Macartney.

Clinical Lectures will be delivered on two days in the week by

Dr. Lendrick and Dr. Graves.

The Lectures on Midwifery by Dr. Montgomery, Professor to the

College of Physicians, will be delivered at Ten o'clock.

Pupils desirous of attending Practical Midwifery, may have an

opportunity of doing so by applying to Dr. Montgomery.

The Lectures on Anatomy, Chemistry, and Botany, will be

delivered in Trinity College; the Clinical Lectures and the

Lectures on Materia Medica, Practice of Medicine, Institutes of

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1000	24 10 0	15	236
1000	24 5 0	20	244
1000	23 18 4	25	256
1000	23 10 0	30	278
1000	23 5 0	35	304
1000	23 0 0	40	340
1000	22 15 0	45	382
1000	22 10 0	50	449

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